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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Lingua

Date of earliest known original edition 1607

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Lingua

1607

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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Lingua

1607

This facsimile is from an original copy now in the British Museum Library dated 1607.

The play would seem to have been popular, as other editions appeared circa 1610, in 1617, 1622, 1632 and 1657.

The anonymity of authorship has not been satisfactorily solved. By an obvious mistake it was at one time ascribed to Antony Brewer (q.v. D.N.B.).

By tradition Oliver Cromwell was said to have performed the part of Tactus in the play at Cambridge.

This reproduction from the original copy has been well and satisfactorily carried out.

JOHN S. FARMER.

LINGVA:
Or
The Combat of the
Tongue,
And the five Senses
For
Superiority.
A pleasant Comoedie.

AT LONDON
Printed by G. ELD, for
Simon Waterfon.
1607.

LINGVA.

DRAMMATICIS Personarum.

LINGVA. _____ } COMEDVS.
 AUDITVS. _____ } TRAGÆDVVS.

MENDACIO, LINGVA his Page.

TACTVS. _____ } ODOR.
 OLFACTVS. _____ } TOBACCO.

VISVS. _____ } LVMEN.
 _____ } COELVM.
 _____ } TERRA.
 _____ } HERAVLDRY.
 _____ } COLOR.

GVSTVS. _____ } BACCHVS, CERES
 _____ } BEERE.

APETITVS a Parasite.

PHANTASTES,

HEVRESIS, PHANTASTES his Page.

CRAPVLA, GVSTVS his follower.

COMMVNIS SENSVS.

MEMORIA.

ANAMNESTES, MEMORIE his Page.

SOMNVS.

Personæ quarum mentio tantum fit. } PSENCE.
 _____ } ARCASIA.
 _____ } VERITAS.
 _____ } OBLIVIO.

The Scene is MICROCOSMVS in a Groue.

The Time, from morning till night.

A 2

Prologue.

Prologue:

Our Muse describes no Lovers passion,
No wretched Father, no unthristie Sonne:
No craving subtile Whore, or shamesse Barde,
Nor stubborne Clowne, or daring Parasite,
No lying Seruant, or bold Sycophant.
We are not wanton, or Satyricall.
These haue their time and places fit, but we
Sad houres, and serious studies, to reprue,
Haue taught seuerer Phylosophy to smile.
The Senses rash contentions we compose,
And giue displeas'd ambitious TONGVE her due:
Heres all Iudicious friends; accept what is not ill,
Who are not such, let them do what they will.



Actus. i. Scena. i.

LINGVA, apparrelled in a Crimſon Satten gowne, a Dreſſing of white Roſes, a little Skeane tyed in a purple Skarfe, a paire of red Buſkins drawne with white Ribband, ſilke garters, gloues, &c.

AVDITVS, in a Garland of Bayes intermingled with red & white Roſes upon a falſe hayre, a cloath of Siluer Mantle upon a paire of Satin Baſes, wrought ſleenes, Buſkins, Gloues, &c.

LINGVA. AVDITVS.

LING. Nay good *Auditus* doe but heare me ſpeake.

AVD. *Lingua* thou ſtrik'ſt too much vpon one ſtring,
Thy tedious plaine-ſong grates my tender eares.

LING. 'Tis plaine indeed, for Truth no deſcant needs;
Vna's her name, ſhe cannot be diuided.

AVD. O but the ground it ſelfe is nought, from whence
Thou canſt not reliſh out a good diuiſion:

Therefore at length ſur-ceaſe, prooue not ſtarke madde,
Hopeleſſe to proſecute a hapleſſe ſute:

For though (perchance) thy fiſt ſtraines pleaſing are,
I dare ingage mine eares; the cloze will iarre.

LING. If then your confidence eſteeme my cauſe,
To be ſo friuolous and weakly wrought;

Why do you dayly ſubtle plots deuife,

To ſtop me from the eares of common Senſe,

Whom ſince our great Queene *Psyche* hath ordain'd,

For his ſound wiſdome, our Vice-gouernour,

To him, and to his two ſo wiſe aſſiſtants,

Nimble *Phantaſtes*, and firme *Memorie*;

My ſelfe and cauſe, I humbly do commit;

Let them but heare and iudge, I wiſh no more.

AVD. Should they but know thy raſh preſumption,

They would correct it in the ſharpeſt ſort:

Good *loue*, what Senſe haſt thou to be a Senſe;

Since from the fiſt foundation of the world,

We neuer were accounted more then fue;

Yet you forſoth, an idle prating Dame,

L I N G U A .

Would faine increase the number, and vp-start
To our high seates, decking your babling selfe
With vsurpt titles of our dignitie.

L I N G. An idle prating damel know, fond *Auditus*,
Records affirme my title full as good,
As his amongst the fiue is counted best.

A V D. *Lingua* confesse the truth, th'art wont to lie.

L I N G. I say so too, therefore I do not lye.
But now spite of you all I speake the truth.

You fiue, among vs subiects tyrannize,
Making the sacred name of common sense,
A cloake to couer your enormities:

Hee beares the rule, hee's iudge but iudgeth still,
As hee's informed by your false euidence:

So that a plaintife cannot haue access,
But through your gates hee heares, but what, thought els

But that thy crafty eares to him conuaies:

[And all hee sees is by proud *Visus* shewed him:

And what hee touches is by *Tactus* hand;

And smells I know, but through *Olfactus* nose;

Gustus begins to him what ere he tastes:

By these quaint tricks free passage hath beene bard,

That I could neuer equally bee heard.

But well, is well.

A V D. *Lingua* thy feeble sexe,
Hath hither-to with-held my ready hands,
That longd to plucke that nimble instrument.

L I N G. O horrible ingratitude? that thou,
That thou of all the rest shouldst threaten me:
Who by my meanes conceiust as many tongues,
As *Neptune* doseth lands betwixt his atmes:
The ancient *Hebrewe* clad with misteries,
The learned *Greeke* rich in fit *Epichites*,
Blest in the louely marriage of pure words;
The *Caldy* wise, the *Arabian* Physicall,
The *Romaine* Eloquent, and *Tuscane* graue,
The Brauing *Spanish* and the smooth-tongd *French*,
These pretious Jewells that adorne thine eares,

LINGVA.

All from my mouthes rich Cabbinet are stolne/
How oft hast thou beene chaine vnto my tongue,
Hang'd at my lips and rauisht with my words,
So that a speech faire fetherd could not flie,
But thy eares pit-fall caught it instantly,
But now, O Heauens,

A V D. O heauens, thou wrongst me much,
Thou wrongst me much, thus falsely to vpbraide me:
Had not I granted thee the vse of hearing,
That sharpe edg'd tounge whetted against her maister,
Those puffing lungs, those teeth, those droppe lippes,
That scalding throat, those nostrills full of ire,
Thy pallate, proper instruments of speech,
Like to the winged chanters of the wood,
Vttring nought els but idle sifflements,
Tunes without sense, words inarticulate:
Had neere beene able to haue abus'd me thus.
Words are thy Children, but of my begetting.

L I N G. Perfidious Liar, how can I endure thee,
Call'st my vnspotted chastity in Question?
O could I vse the Breath mine anger spends,
I'd make thee knowe.

A V D. Heauens looke on my distresse;
Defend me from this rayling vipereffe:
For if I stay, her words sharpe vinigar/
Will fret me through. *Lingua*, I must be gone:
I heare one call me more then earnestly.

Exit Auditor.

L I N G. ~~May~~ the loud cannoning of thunder-boulds,
Screeking of Wolues, howling of tortur'd Ghosts,
Pursue thee still, and fill thy amazed eares
With cold astonishment and horrid feares.
O how these senses muffle common sense
And more, and more with pleasing obiects strue,
To dull his iudgement, and preuert his will
To their be-hefts, who were he not so wrapt
I the duskie cloudes of their darke pollicies,
VVould neuer suffer right to suffer wronge.
Fie *Lingua* wilt thou now degenerate:

Art

L I N G V A.

Art not a woman, doost not loue reuenge,
 Delightfull speeches, sweet perswasions
 I haue this long time vsd to get my right,
 My right; that is, to make the Senses fixe;
 And haue both name and power with the rest.
 Oft haue I seasoned sauerie periods,
 With sugred words, to delude *Gustus* taste,
 And oft embelisht my entreatiue phrase
 With smelling flowres of vernant Rhetorique,
 Limming and flashing it with various Dyes,
 To draw proud *Visus* to me by the eyes:
 And oft perfum'd my petitory stile,
 With Ciuet-speech, & entrap *Olfactus* Nose,
 And clad my selfe in Silken Eloquence,
 To allure the nicer touch of *Tactus* hand,
 But all's become lost labour, and my cause
 Is still procrastinated; therefore now,
 Hence yee base off-spring of a broken minde,
 Supple intreaties and smooth flatteries:
 Go kisse the loue-sick lippes of puling Guls,
 That still their Braine to quench their loues disdain,
 Go guild the tongues of Bawdes and Parasites,
 Come not within my thoughts. But thou Deceit,
 Breake vp the pleasure of my Brim-full brest,
 Enrich my minde with subtile pollicies.
 Well then Ile goe, whither? nay what know I?
 And do, in faith I will, the deuill knowes what,
 What if I set them all at variance,
 And so obtaine to speake; it must be so.
 It must be so, but how? there lyes the point:
 How? thus: tut this deuise will neuer proue,
 Augment it so; 'twill be too soone descride,
 Or so, nor so, 'tis too too dangerous,
 Pish, none of these, what if I take this course? ha?
 Why there it goes, good, good, most excellent;
 He that will catch Eeles must disturbe the fould;
 The Chickin's hatcht ifaith, for they are proud,
 And soone will take a cause of disagreement.

ACT.

LINGVA.

ACTVS. I. SCENA. 2.

MENDACIO, attired in a Taffata sate of a light colour changeable, like an ordinary page, Gloues, Hamper.

LINGVA. MENDACIO.

LING. I see the heauens nurse my new-borne deuise.
For loe my Page *Mendacio* comes already,
To file and Burnish that I hammerd out,
Neuer in better time *Mendacio*,
What hast thou done?

MEN. Done, yes long agoe.

LING. Ist possible thou shouldst dispatch so soone?

MEN. Madaine, I had no sooner told
Tadus, that *Gustus* would faine speake with him:
But I spied *Vistus*, *Gustus* and the rest,
And serued them all with sauce of seuerall lyes,
Now the last Sense I spake with was *Olfactus*,
Who hauing smelt the meaning of my message,
Straight blew his nose, and quickly puffed me hither,
But in the whirle-winde of his furious blast,
Had not by chance a Cobweb held me fast,
Mendacio had beene with you long ere this.

LING. Witnesse this lye, *Mendacio's* with me now,
But sirra out of iesting will they come?

MEND. Yes and 'tis like your Ladyship presently:
Here may you haue me prest to flatter them.

LING. Ile flatter no such proud Companions,
'Twill doe no good, therefore I am determined
To leaue such basenesse.

MEN. Then shall I turne and bid them stay at home.

LING. No; for their comming hither to this groue,
Shall be a meanes to further my deuise.
Therefore I pray thee *Mendacio* go presently,
Run you vile Ape.

MEN. Whether?

B.

LING.

LINGVA.

LING. What doost thou stand?

MEN. Till I know what to doe.

LING. S'pretious 'tis true,
 „So might thou finely ote-run thine errand,
 Hast to my Chest.

MEN. I, I, *by 114*

LING. There shalt thou find,
 A gorgeous Robe, and golden Coronet,
 Conuey them hither nimbly, let none see them.

MEN. Madam, I flie, I flie. *Exit Mendacio.*

LING. But here you firra?
 Lock vp your fellow Seruant, *Veritas.*

MEND. I warrant you;
 You need not feare, so long as I am with you.

He goes out, and comes in presently.

What colour is the Robe?

LING. There is but one. *Mendacio going, turnes in hast.*

MEN. The Key Madam, the Key.

LING. By *uno* how forgetfull is suddaine speed,
 Here take it, runne.

MEN. Ile be here instantly. *Exit Mendacio.*

ACT. I. SCENE. 3.

LINGVA *Sola.*

LING. Whilome this Crowne and gorgious ornament,
 Were the great prize, for which fise Orators,
 With the sharpe weapons of their tongues contended:
 But all their speeches were so equall wrought,
 And a-like gratious, that if his were witty
 His was as wise; the thirds faire eloquence
 Did pararell the fourths firme grauitie;
 The lasts good gesture kept the Ballance euen
 With all the rest, so that the sharpest eye,
 And most iudicious censor could not iudge
 „To whom the hanging victory should fall.
 Therefore with one consent they all agreed,

To

LINGVA.

To offer vp both Crowne and Robe to me,
As the chiefe patronesse of their profession,
Which heretofore I holily haue kept,
Like to a misers gold, to looke on onely.
But now Ile put them to a better vse,
And venter both, in hope to ———

ACT. I. SCENA. 4.

MENDACIO. LINGVA.

MEND. Haue I not hied me Madam? looke you here,
What shall be done with these temptations?

LING. They say a golden Ball,
Bred enmitie betwixt three Goddesses;
So shall this Crowne be author of debate,
Betwixt fiue Senses.

MEND. Where shall it be laide?

LING. There, there, there, 'tis well, so, so, so,

MEND. A Crown's a pleasing baite to looke vpon,
The craftiest Foxe will hardly scape this trap.

LING. Come lets vs away, and leaue it to the chance.

MEND. Nay rather let me stand close here-about,
And see the euent.

LING. Do so, and if they doubt
How it came there, faine them some pritty fable,
How that some God ———

MEND. Tut, tut, tut, let me alone,
I that haue fained so many hundred Gods,
Can easily forge some fable for the turne:
Whist Madame, away, away, you fright the Fowle,
Talus comes hard by, looke you.

LING. Is he for certaine?

MEND. Yes, yes, yes, 'tis he.

LING. 'Tis he indeed. *Exit Lingua.*

L I N G V A.

ACT. I. SCEN. 5.

TACTVS, in a darke coloured Sattin mantle over a paire of silke
Bases, a Garland of Bayes mixt with white and red Roses,
upon a blacke Grogaram, a Faulchiun, wrought sleeues, Bus-
kins, &c.

MENDACIO. TACTVS.

MEN, Now chaff *Dianna* grant my netts to hold.
TACT, The blasting Child-hood of the cheerefull inorne
Is almost growne a youth and ouer-climbes
Yonder gilt Easterne hills; about which time,
Gustus most earnestly importund me,
To meete him here abouts, what cause I know not.

MEN, You shall do shortly to your cost I hope.

TACT, Sure by the Sunne it should be nine a clocke.

MEN, What a star-gazer, will you neere looke downe?

TACT, Cleere is the Sunne and bleweth the Firmament,
Me thinkes the heauens do smile. *Tactus (neezeth).*

MEN, At thy mishap.
To looke so high and stumble in a trap.

Tactus stumbleth at the Robe and Crowne.

TAC, High thoughts haue slippery feete; I had well nill fallne.

MEN, Well doth he fall that riseth with a fall.

TACT, Whats this?

MEN, O are you taken, tis in vaine to strue.

TACT, How now?

MEN, Youle be so entangled straight.

TACT, A Crowne?

MEN, That it will be heard.

TACT, And a Robe.

MEN, To loose your selfe.

TAC, A Crowne and a Robe.

MEN, It had beene fitter for you, to haue found a fooles
coate and a Bable, hey they.

TAC, *Jupiter*, how came this here?

MEN.

L I N G V A.

MEN. O Sir, *Jupiter* is making Thunder hee heres you not;
heres one knowes better.

TACT. Tis wondrous rich, ha, but sure it is not so, ho,
Do Inot sleepe and dreame of this good luck, ha.
No I am awake and feele it now;
Whose should it be?

He takes it vp

MEN. Set vp a *Siquis* for it.

TACT. *Mercury* alls mine owne; heres none to cry halfes
mine.

MEN. When I am gone.

Exit Mendacio.

ACT. I. SCEN. 6.

TACTVS solus:

TACT. *Tactus* thy sneezing somewhat did portend,
VVas euer man so fortunate as I?

To breake his shinnes at such a stumbling Block.

Roses and Baies packe hence: this Crowne and Robe,

My Browes and Bodie circles and inuefts,

How gallantly it fitts me, sure the slaue,

Measurd my head that wrought this Coronet.

They lie that say Complexions cannot change:

My Bloud's enobled, and I am transform'd,

Vnto the sacred temper of a King.

Me think I here my noble Parasites

Stiling me *Cesar*, or great *Alexander*;

Licking my feete, and wondring where I got!

This pretious oyntment: how my pace is mended,

How princely do I speake, how sharpe I threaten!

Peasants Ile curbe your head strong impudence:

And make you tremble when the Lyon roares,

Yea earth-bred wormes. O for a looking glasse!

Poets will write whole volumes of this faine,

VVhere's my attendants? Come hither Sirra quickly.

Or by the wings of *Hermes*.

LINGVA.

ACT. I. SCEN. 7.

OLFACTVS, in a Garland of Bayes intermingled with white and red Roses upon a false bayre, his sleeves wrought with flowers under a Damaske mantle over a paire of silke Bases, a paire of Buskins drawne with riband, a flowre in his hand.

TACTVS. OLFACTVS.

TACT. Ay me, *Olfactus* comes, I cald too soone,
Heele haue halfe part I feare, what shall I do!
Where shall I run? how shall I shif him of! *Tactus* wrappes up
OLF. This is the time, & this the place appointed, the robe and
Where *Visus* promis'd to conferre with me, crowne and
I thinke hee's there — No, no, tis *Tactus* sure, sits upon the.
How now? What makes you sit so nicely?

TACT. Its past imagination, its so indeed.

OLF. How fast his deeds are fixed! And how melancholly he
lookes! *Tactus*, *Tactus*!

TACT. For this is true, Mans life is wondrous brittle.

OLF. He's mad I thinke he talkes so Idely, so ho, *Tactus*.

TACT. And many haue beene metamorphosed,
To stranger matters and more vncouth formes,

OLF. I must go neerer him, he doth not heare.

TACT. And yet methinks, I speake as I was wont,
And —

OLF. *Tactus*, *Tactus*.

TACT. *Olfactus* as thou louest come not neere me, (them)

OLF. Why art thou hatching eggs, th'art feard to breake

TACT. Touch me not least thou chance to breake my life.

OLF. Whats this vnder thee?

TACT. If thou meddle with mee I am vtterly yndone,

OLF. Why man what ayles thee?

TACT. Let me alone and Ile tell thee;
Lately I came from fine *Fantastes* house.

OLF. So I beleeue for thar't very foolish.

TACT. No sooner had I parted out of doores,
But vp I held my hands before my face:

L I N G V A.

To sheild mine eyes from th' lights percing beames,
When I protest I saw the Sunne as cleere,
Through these my palmes as through a prospectiue:
No maruile, for when I beheld my fingers:
I sawe my fingers neere transform'd to glasse,
Opening my breast, my Breast was like a windowe,
Through which I plainly did perceiue my heart:
In whose two Concaues I discern'd my thoughts,
Confus'dly lodged in great multitudes,

O L F. Ha, ha, ha, ha, why this is excellent,
Momus himselfe can find no fault with thee

Thou'lt make a passing liue *Anatomic*,
And decide the Question much disputed:
Betwixt the *Galenists* and *Aristotle*.

T A C T. But when I had ariu'd and set me downe,
Viewing my selfe, my selfe ay me was changed.
As thou now seest to a perfect vrinall.

O L F. T a perfect vrinall, O monstrous monstrous, art not mad
to thinke so?

T A C T. I do not thinke so, but I say I am so,
Therefore *Olfaetus* come not neere I aduise you:

O L F. See the strange working of dull mellanchollie,
Whose drossy drying the feeble Braine,
Corrupts the sense, deludes the Intellect.
And in the soules faire table falsly graues,
Whole squadrons of phantasticall *Chimeras*,
And thousand vaine immaginations:
Making some thinke their heads as big as hofes,
Some that th'ar dead, some that th'ar turn'd to Wolues:
As now it makes him thinke himselfe all glasse,
Tallus diswade thy selfe, thou doest but thinke so.

T A C T. *Olfaetus* if thou louest mee get thee gone;
I am a vrinall I dare not sitre.
For feare of cracking in the Bottome.

O L F. Wilt thou sit thus all day?

T A C T. Vnlesse thou helpe me.

O L F. Bedlam must helpe thee, what wouldst haue me do!

T A C T. Go to the Citty make a Case fit for me,

Stuffe

LINGVA.

Stuffe it with wooll, then come againe and fetch me.

OLF. Ha, ha, ha, thou'lt be laught out of case & countenance.

TACT. I care not, so it must be, or I cannot stirre.

OLF. I had best leaue troubling him he's obstinate, (Vrinall I leaue you) but about all things take heed *Iupiter* sees you not, for if he doe heele nere make water in a sieue / againe, thoult serue his turne so fit to carry his water vnto *Esculapius*. Farewell Vrinall, Farewell.

TACT. Speake not so lowd, the sounds inough to crack me, What is he gone? I an Vrinall, ha, ha, ha, I proteit I might haue had my face washt finely, if he had meant to abuse me: I an Vrinall, ha, ha, ha, go to, Vrinall you haue scapt a faire scouring, well Ile away, and get me to mine owne house, there Ile lock vp my selfe fast, playing the Chimick, augmenting this one Crowne to troopes of Angels, with which gold-winged messengers, I meane,

To worke great wonders, as to build and purchase,

Fare daintily, tie vp mens tongues, and looke them,

Command their liues, their goods, their liberties,

And captiue all the world with chaines of gold,

Hey, hey, tery linkum tinkum. *He offers to go out, but comes in suddenly amazed.*

O *Hercules*! Fortune the Queene, delights to play with me;

Stopping my passage with the sight of *Visus*,

But as he makes hether, Ile make hence,

Theres more wayes to the wood then one. *He offers to go out at the other doore, but returns againe in hast*

What more Diuils to affright me?

O Diabolo, *Gustus* comes here to vex me.

So that I poore wretch, am like a Shittle-cock betwixt two Battledores. If I runne there, *Visus* beates me to *Scilla*, If here, then *Gustus* blowes me to *Carybdie*.

Neptune hath sworne my hope shall suffer shipwrack.

What shall I say?

Mine Vrinall's too thin to bide the fury of such stormes as these.

ACTVS.

L I N G V A.

ACT. I. SCEN. 8.

V I S V S, in a Garland of Bayes mixt with white and red Roses,
a light coloured Taffata mantle striped with silver, and fringed
upon greene silke Bases, Buskins. &c.

G V S T V S in the same fashion, differing onely in colour.

T A C T V S, in a corner of the Stage.

V I S V S. G V S T V S. T A C T V S.

V I S. *Gustus* good day.

G V S T. I cannot haue a bad,

Meeting so faire an *omen* as your selfe.

T A C T. Shall I? wilt proue? ha? well 'tis best to venture.

Tactus puts on the robes.

G V S T. Saw you not *Tactus*, I should speake with him.

T A C T. Perchance so, a sodaine lye hath best luck.

V I S. That face is his, or else mine eye's deceiu'd,

Why how now *Tactus*, what so gorgeous?

G V S T. Where didst thou get these faire habiliments?

T A C T. Stand back I charge you as you loue your liues,
By *Stix*, the first that toucheth me shall dye.

V I S. I can discern no weapons, will he kill vs?

T A C T. Kill you? not I, but come not neere me you had best.

V I S. Why, art thou mad?

T A C T. Friends as you loue your liues,
Venture not once to come within my reach.

G V S T. Why dost threaten so?

T A C T. I do not threaten, but in pure loue aduise you for the
Dare not to touch me, but hence flie a pace; (best,
Adde wings vnto your feete and saue your liues.

V I S. Why what's the matter *Tactus* prethe tell me?

T A C T. If you will needs ieopard your liues so long,
As heare the round of my amazednesse,
Then for your better safetie stand aside.

G V S T. How full of ceremonies? sure he'll coniure;
For such like Robes *Magicians* vse to weare.

V I S. Ile see the end, though he should vnlock Hell:

C

And

L I N C O L N .

And set th' infernall haggas at libertie.

T A C T. How rash is man on bidden aimes to rush.
It was my chance, O chance most miserable,
To walke that way that to *Crimena* leads.

G V S T. You meane *Crimena* a litle Towne hard by.

T A C T. I say *Crimena*, called *Vacua*,
A Towne which doth, and alwaies hath belongd,
Chiefely to Schollers: from *Crimena* walles,

I saw a man came stealing craftily,
Apparelled in this vesture which I weare,
But seeing me est-soones, he tooke his heeles,

And threw his garment from him all in hast,
Which I perceiuing to be richly wrought,
Tooke it me vp: But good now get you gone,

Ward by my hannes, and scape my miserie.

V I S. I know no danger, leaue these circumstances.

T A C. No sooner had I put it on my back,

But suddainly mine eyes began to dum,

My ioints waxe sore, and all my body burne

With most intestine torture, and at length,

It was too euident, I had caught the plague.

V I S. The plague, away good *Gustas* lets be gone,

I doubt 'tis true, now I remember me,

Crimena Vacua neuer wants the plague.

G V S T. *Tactus* Ile put my selfe in ieopardy to pleasure thee.

T A C T. No gentle *Gustas*, your absence is the onely thing I
Least I infect you with my companie. (wist,

G V S T. Farewell. *Exit Gustas.*

V I S. I willingly would stay to do thee good.

T A C T. A thousand thanks, but since I needs must die,

Let it suffice, death onely murthers me,

Oh 'twould augment the dolour of my death,

To know my selfe the most vnhappy Bowe,

Through which pale death should aime his shafts at you.

V I S. *Tactus* farewell, yet die with this good hope,

Thy corps shall be interred as they ought. *Exit Visus.*

T A C. Go make my Tombe, provide my funerals, ha, ha, ha,

Excellent Asses thus to be deluded, (ha, ha, ha,

Bewaile his death and cruell destinies,

That

L I N G U A.

That lues, and laughs your fooleries to scorne,
But wher's my Crowne, oh here : I well deferue,
Thus to be crowned for two great victories, ha, ha, ha,
Vissus take care my corps be well interr'd :
Go make my tombe, and write vpon the stone.

*Here lyes the Sense, that lying guld them all,
With a false plague, and fained Vrinall.*

ACT. I. SCENE. 9.

AUDITVS. TACTVS.

AVD. *Tactus, Tactus.*

TAC. O *Iupiter*, tis *Auditus*, all's mard; I doubt the slie knaue
heres so farre, but yet Ile grope him; how now Eares, what make
you here, ha?

AVD. Nay, what make you here, I pray, what were you talk-
ing euen now, of an Affe, & a Crowne, & an Vrinall, & a plague?

TAC. A plague on you, what I? AVD. Oh, what you.

TAC. O, I had well nigh forgot, nothing; but I say —

AVD. What?

TAC. That if a man (do you marke sir) being sick of the plague
(do you see sir) had a a, a, hem, hem. (this cold troubles me, it
makes me cough sometimes extreame'y,) had a French Crowne,
(sir you vnderstand me) lying by him, and (come hither, come
hither) & would not bestow 2. pence (do you heare) to buy an v-
rinall (do you marke me) to cary his water to the Phisitā, (hem)

AVD. What of all this?

TAC. I say such a one was a very Affe, this was al, I vs'd to speak
to my selfe, whē I am alone; but *Auditus*, when shall wee heare a
new set of singing-books, or th'viols, or the cōsort of Instrumēt's;

AV. This was not al, for I heard mētiō of a tombe, & an epitaph.

TAC. True, true, I made my selfe mery with this Epiraph, vpon
such a fool's tombe thus a, thus, thus, plague brought this man,
(foh I haue forgotten) o thus, plague brought this man (so, so, so)
vnto his buriall, because because, because, (hem, hem) because he
would not buy an vrinall, come, come *Auditus*, shall we here thee
play, the *Lycoray*, or the *Leu-ray* shall we, or the Corner, or
any Musicke, I am greatly reuiued when I heare.

AVD. *Tactus, Tactus*, this will not serue, I heard all, you haue
not found a Crowne, you no, you haue not.

L I N G V A.

ACT. I. SCEN. *Ultima.*

TACTVS. AVDITVS. VISVS.

GVSTVS. MENLATIO.

TACT. Peace, peace, faith peace, come hether, harks thee good nowe.

AVD. I cannot hold I must needes tell,

TACT. O do not, do not, do not, come hether, will you bee a foole?

VIS. Had he not wings vpon his feete and shoulders?

MEN. Yes, yes and a fine wand in his hand,
Curiously wrapped with a paire of snakes.

TACT. Will halfe content you, pish twil nere be knowne.

GVST. My life, twas *Mercury*.

MEND. I do not knowe his name but this I am sure his hat
had wings vp'ont.

VIS. Doubtles twas he, but say my Boy, what did he?

MEND. First I beheld him houering in the aire,
And then downe stouping, with a hundred gires:

His feete he fixed on *Mount Cephalon*;

From whence he flew and lighted on that plaine,

And with disdainfull steps soone glided thether:

Whether ariued, he suddenly vnfoulds

A gorgeous Robe, and glittering ornament,

And lays them all, vpon that hillocke:

This done he wafts his wand, tooke wing againe,

And in a moment vanisht out of sight,

With that mine eies gan stare, and heart grew cold,

And all my quiuering ioynts with sweat bedewd;

My heeles my thought had wings as well as his,

And so away I runne, but by the way;

Imet a man as I thought comning thether,

GVST. What markes had he?

MEND. He had a great — what this is he, this is he,

VIS. What *Tactus*?

GVST. This was the plague vext him so,
Tactus your Graue gapes for you, are you ready?

L I N G U A.

V I S. Since you must needs die, do as others do,
Leaue all your goods behind you ; bequeath the
Crowne and Robe, to your executois.

T A C T. No such matter, I like the *Egyptian* Knights,
For the more state, wilbe buried in them.

V I S. Come, come deliuer :

Vifus snatcheth the crowne and fees letters graven in it.

T A C T. What will you take my purse from me?

V I S. No but a Crowne, that's iust more then your owne.
Ha, whats this ? tis a very small hand,
VVhat Inſcription is this?

*Hee of the ſiue that proues himſelfe the beſt,
Shall haue his Temples with this Coronet bleſt.*

This Crowne is mine, and mine this garment is;
For I haue alwaies beene accounted beſt.

T A C T. Next after mee, I as your ſelfe at any time: beſides I
found it firſt, therefore tis mine.

G V S T. Neither of youtes, but mine as much as both,

A V D. And mine the moſt of any of you all.

V I S. Giue me it or els ———

T A C T. Ile make you late repent it ———

G V S T. Preſumptious as you are ———

A V D. Spite of your teeth ———

M E N D. Neuer till now a ha it workes a pace,
Vifus I know tis yours, and yet me thinkes,
Auditus you ſhould haue ſome challenge to it;
But that your title *Tactus* is ſo good:
Gustus I would ſweare the Coronet were yours;
VVhat will you all go braule about a triſle?
Viewe but the pleaſant coaſt of *Myrocoſme*,
Iſt not great pittie to be rent with warres,
Iſt not a ſhame, to ſtaine with briniſh teares,
The ſmiling cheekes of euer-cheercfull peace,
Iſt not farre better to liue quietly,
Then broyle in fury of diſſention,
Giue me the Crowne, ye ſhall not diſagree,
If I can pleaſe you ; Ile play *Paris* part,
And moſt impartiall iudge the controuerſie

L I N G V A.

V I S. Sauc-box goe meddle with your Ladies fanne,
and prate not here.

M E N D. I speake not for my selfe, but for my Countries safe

V I S. Sirra be still. (commoditie.)

M E N D. Nay and you be so hot, the deuill part you,
He to *Olfeolus* and send him amongst you.

O that I were *Alesto* for your sakes:

How liberally would I bestow my snakes. *Exit Mendico.*

V I S. *Tactus*, vpon thine honour,
I challenge thee to meete me here,
Stronge as thou canst prouide in the afternoone,

T A C T. I vnder-take the Challenge, and heres my hand,
In signe thou shalt be answered.

G V S T. *Tactus* He ioyne with thee, on this condition,
That if we win, he that fought best of vs,
Shall haue the Crowne, the other weare the Robe.

T A C T. Giue me your hand I like the motion.

V I S. *Auditur* shall we make our forces double,
Vpon the same termes.

A V D. Very willingly,

V I S. Come lets away feare not the victory.
Rights more aduantage, then an host of soldiars. *Exeunt omnes.*

Finit. Act. primi.

Actus. 2. Scena 1.

A P P E T I T V S. Along leane Ran-bow'd fellow in a Soldiers
coate, a sword, &c.

M E N D A C I O. A P P E T I T V S.

M E N D. I long to see those hot-spur senses at it, they say they
haue gallant preparations, and not vnlikely, for most of the sol-
diers are ready in Armes since the last feild fought against their
yearely enemy *Meleager*, & his wife *Acrafa*, that Conquest hath
so sleight them that no peace can hold them; But had not *Me-*
leager bene sicke, and *Acrafa* drunke, the senses might haue
whistled for the victory.

A P P.

LINGVA.

APP. Foh, what a stincke of gunpowder is yonder?

MEND. Whoes this! oh oh tis *Appetitus*, *Gustus* his hungry Parasite.

APP. I cannot indure the smoking of Gunnes, the thundering of drums, I had rather here the merry hacking of pot-hearbs, and see the reaking of a hot capon. If they would vse no other Bucklers in warie, but sheilds of Branne, brandish no swords but sweards of Bacon, traile no speares, but sparribs of Porke, and instead of Hargebush peices discharge Hartichock-pies, roste no pikes but boyled picktrills, then *Appetitus* would rouse vp his crest, and beare vp him selfe with the proudest.

MEND. Ah heres a youth starke naught at a trench, but old dog at a trencher, a tall squire at a square table.

APP. But now my good masters must pardon mee, I am not for their seruice, for their seruice is without seruice, and indeed their seruice is too host for my diet. But what? If I bee not my selfe, but only this be my spirit that wanders vp and downe, and *Appetitus* be kild in the Camp, the Diuill he is as soone. Howes that possible? tut tut I know I am, I am *Appetitus*, and aliu too, by this infallible token, that I feele my selfe hungry.

MEND. Thou mightst haue taken a better token of thy selfe, by knowing thou art a foole.

APP. Wel the, though I made my fellow souldiers admire the beauty of my backe, & wonder at the nimblenes of my heeles, yet now wil I at sabbie at home, tell in what dangers they are abroad. He speake nothing but guns, and glaues, and staues, and phalanges, & squadrons, and barricadoes, ambuscadoes, palre-does blanke point dept, counterpoint, counter serafe, sallies and lies, saladoes, tarantantaras, ranta, rana tara, hey (adone.)

MEND. I must take the life out of his mouth or heele nere

APP. But aboute all he bee sure on my knees to thanke the
gcat ————— *Mendacio finds him.*

MEND. Who am I, who am I, who I? (your side.

APP. By the bloud-stained fauchion of Maiors — — I am on

MEND. Why, who am I?

APP. Are you a souldier?

MEND. No.

APP. Then you are maister *Hellus* the Bear-heard,

MEND. No, no, he's dead.

APP.

L I N G V A.

A P P. Or *Gulono* the Gitty Seriant, or *Delphino* the Vinter, or els I know you not, for these are all my acquaintance.

M E N. Would I were hangd if I be any of these.

A P P. What *Mendacio*, by the faith of a Knight thou art welcome; I must borrow thy Wheestone to sharpen the edges of my martiall complements.

M E N. By the faith of a Knight, what a pox, where are thy Spurres?

A P P. I need no spurres, I ridelike *Pegasus* on a winged horse, on a swift Gennet, my Boy, called feare.

M E N. What shouldst thou feare in the warres? hee's not a good souldier that hath not a good stomack.

A P P. O, but the stinke of powder spoiles *Appetitus* stomack, and then thou knowst when 'tis gone, *Appetitus* is dead, therefore I very manfully drew my sword, and flourisht it brauely about mine eares, kist, and finding my selfe hurt, most manfully ranne away. (field,

M E N. All heart indeed, for thou ranst like a Hart out of the It seemes then the Senses meane to fight it out.

A P P. I and out-fight themselves I thinke, and all about a trifle, a paltrie bable, found I know not where.

M E N. Thou art decciued, they fight for more then that, a thing called superioritie, of which the Crowne is but an Embleme.

A P P. *Mendacio* hang this superioritie, Crowne mee no Crowne but *Bacchus* Crowne of Roses, giue me no Scepter, but a fat Capons legge, to shew that I am the great King of *Hungarie*, therefore I prethee talke no more of state-matters, but in brieft, tell mee my little rascall, how thou hast spent thy time this many a day?

M E N. Faith in some credit since thou saw'st me last.

A P P. How so, where?

M E N. Euery where; in the Court your Gentlewomen hang me at their Apron strings, and that makes them answer so readily. In the Cittie I am honour'd like a God, none so well acquainted with your tradesmen: your Lawyers all the Terme time hire me of my Lady, your Gallants if they heare my name abused, they stab for my sake: your Trauellers so dote vpon me

as

L I N G V A.

passes; O they haue good reason, for I haue carried them to many a good meale, vnder the Countenance of my familiarity: Nay your Statemen haue oftentimes closely coueied me vnder their tongues, to make their pollicies more currant. As for old-men they challenge my Company by authority.

A P P. I am exceeding glad of your great promotion.

M E N D. Nowe when I am disposed I can Philophy it in the Vniuersity, with the subtilty of them all.

A P P. I cannot be perswaded that thou art acquainted with Schollers euer since thou wert prest to death in a Print-house.

M E N D. No, why I was the first founder of the 3. sects of Philosophy except on of the Peripateticks who acknowledge Aristotle (I confesse) their great Grand-father.

A P P. Thou Boy! how is this possible? thou art but a Child, and there were sects of Philosophy before thou wert borne.

M E N D. *Appetitus*, thou mistakest me, I tell thee, 3000. yeares agoe was *Mendacio* borne in Greece, nursed in Creete, and euer since honoured euery where: Ile bee sworne I held old *Homers* pen when hee wrote his *Illiads*, and his *Odisses*.

A P P. Thou hadst need, for I heare say he was blind.

M E N D. I helped *Herodotus* to pen some part of his muses, lent *Pliny* inke to write his history, rounded *Rabalais* in the eare when he historified *Pantagruel*, as for *Lucian* I was his Genius; O those two Bookes *De Vera historia* howsoeuer they go vnder his name, Ile bee sworne I writ them euery title.

A P P. Sure as I am Hungry thou'lt haue it for lying. But hast thou rusted this latter time for want of exercise?

M E N D. Nothing lesse, I must confesse I would faine haue logged *Stow* and gear *Hollings-head* on their elbowes, when they were about their Chronicles, and as I remember Sir *John Mandeuills* trauels, and a great part of the *Decads* were of my doing. But for the *Mirror of Knight-hood*, *Benis* of *Southampton*, *Palmerin* of *England*, *Amadis* of *Gaule*, *Huon de Burdeaux*, Sir *Guy* of *Warwick*, *Martin marprellate*, *Robin-hood*, *Garragantua*, *Geriſion* and a thousand such exquisite monuments as these, no doubt but they breath on my breath vp and downe.

A P P. Downewards Ile sweare for the rs stinking lies in them.

M E N. But what should I light a Candle to the bright Sunne-

LINGVA.

shine of my glorious renowne, the whole world is full of *Mendacios* fame.

A P P. And so it wilbe so long as the world is full of fame.

M E N D. But Sirra, how hast thou done this long time?

A P P. In as much request as thy selfe. To begin with the Court as thou didst, I lie with the Ladies all night, and thats the reason they call for Cullies, and Gruellies, so early before their prayers, your gallats neuer sup, break-fast, or Beauer without me.

M E N D. Thats false, for I haue seene them eate with a full stomacke.

A P P. True, but because they know a little thinge drives mee from them, therefore in midst of meate they present mee with some sharpe sauce or a dish of delicate Anchoues, or a Caiare, to intice me backe againe. Nay more, your olde Sirs that hardiy go without a propp, will walke a mile or two euery day to renew their acquaintance with mee, as for the *Academie* it is beholding to mee, for adding the eight prouince vnto noble *Hep-tarchie* of the liberall sciences.

M E N D. Whats that I prethee.

A P P. The most desired and honorable art of Cookerie. Now Sirra in the Citty I am ——— ft, ft. O the body of a Loufe.

M E N D. What art a loufe in the Citty?

A P P. Not a word more for yonder comes *Phantastes*, and some bodie else.

M E N D. What a pox can *Phantastes* do?

A P P. Worke a miracle if he would proue wise.

M E N. Is he indeede, the vilest nup: yet the foole loues mee exceedinglie but I care not for his company for if he once catch me, I shall neuer be rid of him. *Exeunt Appet and Mend.*

ACT. 2. SCEN. 2.

PHANTASTES. A smart complexion'd fellow but quick of dis-
a white linnen doublet of puer fashion, Greene Veluets hose of an e-
ther? A phantasticall but with a plume of feathers of severall col-
ours, a little short cassia cloake, a paire of Buskins cut, drawne
out with sundry coloured Ribbands, with scarfes hung about him,
after

LINGVA.

after all fashions, and of all colours, rings, Jewells, a fanne, and
in every place other od complements.

HEVRESIS. Animble sprighted page in the newest fashion with
a garland of Bayes. &c.

PHANTASTES. HEVRESIS.

PHAN. Sirra Boy, *Heuresis* boy, how now, byting your nailes?

HEY. Three things haue troubled my braine this many a day,
and iust now, when I was laying hold on the Inuention of the,
your suddaine call, made them like *Tantalus* apples; flie from
my fingers.

PH. Some great matters questionles, what were they?

HEY. The quadrature of a circle, the Philosophers stone and
the next way to the Indies;

PH. Thou dost well to meditate on these three things at once,
for theise bee found out altogether, *ad gracas calendus*; but let
them passe and cary the conceits I told you this morning, to the
partie you wot of. In my imagination tis Capritious, t'will
take I warrant thee.

HEY. I will Sir. But what say you to the gentleman that
was with you yesterday?

PH. O I thinke thou meanest him that made 19. sonnets of
his mistris Busk-point;

HEY. The same, the same, Sir. You promis'd to helpe him out
with th' twentieth.

PH. By *Inputs* clouen pate tis true. But wee witty fellowes
are so forgetfull, but stay, Hu, Hu, cary him this.

The gordian knot which Alexander great,

Did whilom cut with his all conquering sword;

Was nothing like thy Busk-point pretty Peate;

Nor could so faire an augury afford.

Then to conclude let him peruert *Catullus* his *zonam soluit diu*
ligatam thus, thus.

Which if I chauce to cut, or els vntie,

Thy little world Ile conquer presently.

Tis pretty, pretty, tell him twas extemporall,

HEY. Well Sir, but now for Maister *Inameros* loue-letter.

PH. Some needling stufte yfaith; let him write thus.

L I N G V A.

Most heart commanding fac't Gentlewoman, euen as the stone in *India* called *Basaliscus*, hurts all that lookes on it: and as the Serpent in *Arabia* called *Smaragdus* delighteth the sight, so does thy celestiall orbe assimilating eyes both please, and in pleasing wound my loue-darted heart.

H E V. But what trick shall I inuent for the conclusion?

P H A. Pish any thing. Loue will minister Inke for the rest. He that once begun well, hath halfe done, let him begin againe and there's all.

H E V. Maister *Gullio* spoke for a new fashion, what for him?

P H A. A fashion for his sute—let him button it downe the fleecue with foure elbowes, and so make it the pure heiroglyphick of a foole.

H E V. Nay then let me request one thing of you.

P H A. What's that Boy? by this faire hand thou shalt haue it.

H E V. Mistresse *Superbia* a Gentlewoman of my acquaintance wisht me to deuise her a new set for her Ruffe, and an odde tire, I pray sir helpe me out with it.

hard

P H A. Ah Boy, in my conceit it's a *hard* matter to performe, these women haue well nigh tired me, with deuising tires for them; and set me at an *non plus* for new sets, their heads are so light, & their eyes so coye, that I know not how to please them.

H E V. I pray Sir, she hath a bad face, and faine would haue tutors, Phantastickall and odde apparrell, would perchance draw some body to looke on her.

P H A. If her face be nought, in my opinion, the more view it, the worse; bid her weare the multitude of her deformities vnder a maske, till my leasure will serue to deuise some durable, and vnstained blush of painting.

H E V. Very good Sir.

P H A. Away then, hye thee againe, meete me at the Court within this houre at the farthest.

Exit Henaresis.

Oh heauens, how haue I beene troubled these latter times with Women, Fooles, Babes, Taylers, Poets, Swaggerers, Guls, Ballad-makers, they haue almost disrobed me of all the toyes and trifles I can deuise, were it not that I pittie the poore multitude of Printers, these Sonnet-mungers should starue for conceits, for all *Phantastes*. But these piling Louers, I cannot but laugh at them.

L I N G V A.

them and their Encomions of their Mistresses. They make forsooth her hayre of Gold; her eyes of Diamond; her cheekes of Roses, her lippes of Rubies, her teeth of Pearle; and her whole body of Iuory: and when they haue thus Idold her like *Pigmalion*, they fall downe and worship her. *Psyche*, thou hast laid a hard taske vpon my shoulders, to inuene at euery ones aske, were it not that I refresh my dulnesse once a day with my most Angelicall presence, twere vnpossible for me to vndergo it.

ACTVS. 2. SCENA. 3.

COMMVNIS SENSVS, *a graue man in a Black veluet cassocke like a Councillor, speakes comming out of the doore.*

COMMVNIS SENSVS. PHANTASTES.

COM.S. I cannot stay, I tell you 'tis more then time I were at Court, I know my soueraine *Psyche* hath expected me this houre.

PHA. In good time, yonder comes *Common-sense*, I imagine it should be he by his voice.

COM.S. Craue my counsell, tell me what manner of man he is? can he entertaine a man into his house, can he hold his Veluet Cap in one hand, and vale his bonnet with the other? knowes he how to become a Scarlet gowne, hath he a paire of fresh posts at his doore?

PHA. Hee's about some hasty State-matters, he talkes of posts me thinks.

COM.S. Can hee part a couple of Dogges brawling in the streete? why then choose him Mayor vpon my credit, heele proue a wise officer.

PHA. Saue you my Lord, I haue attended your leisure this houre.

COM.S. Fye vpon't what a toile haue I had to choose them a Mayor yonder? there's a fustie Currier will haue this man: there's a Chandlor wipes his nose on his sleecue, and swears it shall not bee so. There's a Musterd-maker lookes as keene as Viniger will haue another: O this many headed multitude, it's a hard matter to please them.

D 3

PHA.

LINGVA.

PHA. Especially where the multitude is so well headed. But I pray you where's Maister *Memory*? hath hee forgotten himselfe that he is not here.

COM. SEN. 'Tis high time he were at Court, I would he would come.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 4.

MEMORY, an old decrepit man, in a black Velvet Cussock, a Taffata Gowne furred, with white Grogaram, a white beard, Velvet slippers, a Watch, Staffe, &c.

ANAMNESTES his Page, in a graine Sattin sute Purple, Buskins, a Garland of Bayes and Rosemary, a gimmall ring with one linke hanging, Ribbands and Threds tyed to some of his fingers, in his hand a paire of Table-bookes, &c.

MEMORIE. ANAMNESTES. PHANTASTES.

SEN. S. COM.

MEM. How soone a wise man shall haue his wish.

COM. SE. *Memory* the season of your coming is very ripe.

PHA. Had you staid a little longer 'twould haue bin stake rotte.

MEM. I am glad I said it from the Swine— Spectious I haue forgot something. O my purse, my purse, why *Anamnestes*? Remembrance where art thou *Anamnestes* Remembrance, that vild Boy is alwayes gadding, I remember he was at my heeles, euen now and now the vild Rascall is vanish.

PHA. Is he not here? why then in my imagination hee's left behind, ô la *Anamnestes* remembrance.

AN. (*running in hast.*) Anon, anon, fir anon, anon fir, anon, anon fir, anon, anon, fir.

MEM. Ha firra, what a bawling's here?

AN. I do but giue you an answer with anon Sir.

MEM. You answer sweetly, I haue cald you three or foure times one after another.

AN. Sir, I hope I answered you 3. or 4. times, one in the neck of another. But if your good worship haue lent me any more calls, tell me, and Ile repay them as I am a Gentleman.

MEM. Heaue your tattle had you come at first I had not spent so much breath in vaine.

AN.

L I N G U A.

A N. The truth is Sir, the first time you called, I heard you not, the second I vnderstood you not, the third I knew not whether it were you or no: the fourth I could not tell where you were, and that's the reason I answered so suddenly.

M E M. Goe sirra, runne, seeke euery where, I haue lost my purse some where

A N. I go sir; Go sirra, seeke, runne, I haue lost, bring, here's a Dogges life with a poxe, shall I bee alwayes yfde like a water-Spanniell.

Exit Anan; *Mem.* (now-a-dayes.

C O M. Come good Maister Register, I wonder you be so late.

M E M. My good Lord, I remember that I knew your Grand-father in this your place, and I remember your Grand-fathers great Grand-fathers, Grand-fathers Fathers, Father, yet in those dayes I neuer remember that any of them could say, that *Register Memory* euer broke one minute of his appointment.

C O M. S. Why good Father, why are you so late now a dayes?

M E M. Thus tis, the most customers I remember my selfe to haue, are (as your Lordship knowes) Schollers, and now a daies the most of them are become Critticks, bringing me home such paltry things to lay vp for them, that I can hardly finde them againe.

P H. *Jupiter, Jupiter*, I had thought these Flyes had bit none but my selfe; do Critticks tickle you yfaith?

M E M. Very familiarly: for they must know of me forsooth, how euery idle word is written in all the mustie moath-eaten *Manuscripts*, kept in all the old Libraries in euery Cittie betwixt England and *Peru*.

C O M. S E N. Indeed I haue noted these times to affect Antiquities, more then is requisite.

M E M. I remember in the age of *Saffaratus* and *Ninus*, and about the warres of *Thebes*, and the siege of *Troy*, there was few things committed to my charge, but those that were well worthy the preserving; but now euery trifle must be wrapped vp in the volume of eternitie. A rich pudding-wife, or a Goble cannot die, but I must immortalize his name with an Epitaph: A dog cannot piss in a Noblemans shoe, but it must be sprinkled into the Chronicles, so that I neuer could remeber my Treasure more full; & neuer emptier of honorable, and true heroycall actions.

P H. By

LINGVA.

P H. By your leaue Memory you are not alone troubled, Chronologers many of them are so so Phantasticke, as when they bring a Captaine to the Combate, lifting vp his reuengefull arme to dispart the head of his enemy, they'll hold vp his armes so long till they haue bestowed three or foure pages in describing the gold hilts of his threatening Fauchion. So that in my Fancie the reader may well wonder his aduersary stabs him not, before he strikes, Moreover they are become most palpable flatterers alwaies begging at my gates for Inuention.

C O M. This is a great fault in a Chronologer to turne Parasite: An absolute history should bee in feare of none, neither should hee write any thing more then truth for friend-ship, or lesse for hate, but keepe himselfe equall and constant in all his discourses. But for vs we must bee contented, for as our honors increase, so must the burthen of the cares of our offices vge vs to waxe heauy.

P H. But not till our backes breake, I had there was neuer any so haunted as I am, this date there comes a Sophister to my house, knocks at my dore, his errand being ask'd, forsooth his answer was to borrow a faire sute of conceites out of my wardrobe, to apparraile a shewe he had in hand, and what thinke you is the plot?

C O M. Nay I know not, for I am little acquainted with such toies.

P H. Meane-while he's somewhat acquainted with you, for he's bould to bring your person vpon the stage.

C O M. What me? I cannot remember, that I was euer brought vpon the stage before.

P H. Yes you and you, and my selfe with all my Phantasticall tricks and humors, but I trow I haue fitted him with Fooleries, I trust heele neuer trouble me againe.

C O M. O times! O manners, when Boies dare to traduce men in authority, was euer such an attempt heard?

M E M. I remember there was. For (to say the truth) at my last being at *Athen* (It is now, let me see, about 1800. yeares agoe) I was at a Comedie of *Aristophanes* making, (I shall neuer forget) The Arch-gouernor of *Athen* tooke me by the hand and

L I N G V A.

and placed me, and there I say, I saw *Socrates* abused most grossly, himselfe being then a present spectator: I remember he sate full against me, and did not so much as shew the least countenance of discontent.

COM. In those dayes it was lawfull, but now the abuse of such liberty is vn sufferable.

PH. Thinke what you will of it, I thinke 'tis done, and I thinke it is acting by this time; ha ke, ha ke, what drummings yonder, Ile lay my life they are come to present the shewe I spake off.

COM. It may be so; stay wee see what 'tis.

ACT. 2. SCENA. 5.

L I N G V A. M E N D A C I O. COM. SEN.
and the rest.

L I N G. Faine thy selfe in great hast.

MEN. I warrant you Madam: I doubt 'tis in vaine to runne, by this they are all past ouer-taking.

COM. SEN. Is not this *Lingua* that is in such hast?

PH. Yes, yes, stand still.

MEN. I must speake with him.

COM. SEN. With whom?

MEN. Assure your selfe they are all at Court ere this.

L I N G. Runne after them, for vnlesse he know it—

COM. SEN. *Lingua*.

L I N G. O ift your Lordship: I beseech you pardon me, hast, and feare, I protest put out mine eyes: I lookt so long for you, that I knew not when I had found you.

PH. In my conceit, that's like the man that inquired, who saw his Ass, when himselfe ridde on him.

L I N G. O my heart beates so, fie, fie, fie, fie,

MEN. I am so weary so, so, so, so.

COM. SEN. I prethee *Lingua* make an end.

L I N G. Let mee begin first I beseech you, but if you will needs haue the end first, thus 'tis. The common wealth of *M-* 12
crofme at this instant, suffers the pangs of death, 'tis gasping for breath, Will you haue all? 'tis poisoned.

E

PH. What

LINGVA.

P. H. What Pothecary durst be so bold as make such a confession? ha, what poison ist?

LING. A golden Crowne.

MEM. I mistake, or els *Galen* in his booke *De sanitate tuenda*, commends gold as restorative.

COM. SEN. *Lingua* expresse your selfe.

MEN. Madam if you want breath, let me helpe you out.

LING. I prethee do, do.

MEN. My Lord, the report is, that *Mercurie* comming late into this country, in this very place, left a Coronet with this inscription, that the best of the five should haue it, which the Senses thinking to belong vnto them —

LING. Challenge each other, and are now in armes, and tlike your Lordship.

COM. SEN. I protest it likes not me.

LING. Their battailes are not farre hence ready rang d.

COM. SEN. O monstrous presumption? what shall we do?

MEM. My Lord, in your great Grand-fathers time, there was I remember such a breach amongst them, therefore my Counsell is, that after his example, by the strength of your authoritie, you conuent them before you.

COM. *Lingua*, go presently; command the Senses vpon their allegiance to our dread Soueraigne Queene *Psyche*, to dismisse their companies, and personally to appeare before me without any pretence of excuse.

LING. I go my Lord.

P. H. But here you Madam, I pray you let your Pages tongue walke with vs a little, till you returne againe.

LING. With all my heart.

Exit Lingua.

ACT. 2. SCENE. 6.

P. H. Hot youths, I protest, saw you those warlike preparations?

MEN. Larely my Lords, I spide into the Armie;

But oh, 'tis farre beyond my reach of wit,

Or strength of vtterance, to describe their forces.

COM. SEN. Go to, speake what thou canst.

MEND. Vpon the right hand of a spacious Hill,

Proud *Vishus* marshalleth a puissant army,

Three

L I N G V A.

Three thousand Eagles strong, whose valiant Capitaine,
Is *Jones* swift Thunder-bearer, that same Bird,
That hoist vp *Ganimede* from the *Troyen* plaines :
The vant-gard strengthened with a wondrous flight.
Of Falcons, Haggards, Hobbies, Terselets,
Lanards and Goshaukes, Sparhaukes, and Rauinous Birds.
The rereward graunted to *Audius* charge.
Is stoutly follow'd with an impetuous heart
Of stiff-neckt Bulls, and many horne-mad Stagges,
Of the best head the Forrest can afford.

P H. I promise you a fearfull troupe of Souldiers.

M E N. Right opposite stands *Tallus*, strongly mand,
With three thousand bristled Vrchens for his Pikemen;
Foure hundred Tortesses for Elephants,
Besides a monstrous troupe of vglie spiders,
Within an ambushment he hath commanded,
Of their owne guts to spinne a cordage fine,
Whereof t'haue fram'd a net (O wondrous worke)
That fastned by the Concaue of the Moone,
Spreds downe it selfe toth' earths circumference. (any time,

M E M. Tis very strange, I can not remember the like Engine at

M E N. Nay more my Lord, the maskes are made so strong,
That I my selfe vpon them scal'd the heauens,
And bouldly walkt about the middle region,

4 L Where in the prouince of the Meteors,
I saw the clowdie shops of Haile and Raine,
Garners of Snow, and Christals full of dew,
Riuers of burning Arrowes, Dens of Dragons,
Huge beames of flames, and Speares like fire-brands;
Where I beheld hott *Mars* and *Mercurie*,
With Rackets made of Spheares, and Balls of Starres,
Playing at Tennis for a Tunne of Nectar.
And that vast gaping of the Firmament,
Vnder the Southerne pole, is nothing else;
But the great hazzard of their Tennis Court;
The Zodiack is the line; The shooting Starres,
Which in an eye-bright euening seem'd to fall,
Are nothing but the Balls they loose at Bandy/

L I N G U A.

Thus hauing tooke my pleasure with those fights,
By the same net I went vp, I discended. (genie?)

COM. SEN. Well Sirra to what purpose tends this Strata-

MEND. None know directly, but I thinke it is,
T' intrappe the Eagles, when the Battailes ioyne.

P H. Who takes *Tallus* his parte?

MEND. Vnder the standard of thrice hardy *Tallus*,
Thrice valiant *Gustus*, leades his warlike forces;
An-endles multitude of desperate Apes;
Fieue hundred Marmosets and long-taild Monkees:
All trained to the field, and nimble Gunners.

add something P H. Imagine theres ~~old moting~~ amongst them: me thinks
a handfull of nuttes would turne them all out of their Souldiers
coates.

MEN. Ramparts of Pastie-crust and fortes of pies,
Entrench'd with dishes full of Custard stuffe:
Hath *Gustus* made; and planted ordinance,
Strange ordinance: Cannons of hollowe canes:
Whose powder's Rape-seed, charged with Turnip shot.

MEN. I Remember in the Country of Vtopia, they vse no o-
ther kind of Artillery.

COM. SEN. But whats become of *Olfallus*?

MEND. He polittickly leanes to neither part,
But stands betwixt the camps as at receite:
Hauing great wine his Pioners to entrench them.

19 P H. In my foolish imagination *Olfallus* is very like the God-
desse of victory that neuer takes any part but the Conquerers.

MEND. And in the woods he placed secretly,
Two hundred couple of hounds and hungry Mastiffs:
And ore his head houer at his commaunde,
A clond of Vultures, which ore spread the light,
Making a night before the day be done:
But to what end not knowne but feard of all.

P H. I coniecture hee intends to see them fight, and after the
battaile to feede his Dogges, Hoggs and Vultures vpon the
murdred carcases.

MEN. My L. I thinke the furie of their Anger will not bee o-
bedient to the Message of *Lingua*, for other wise in my conceite
they

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they should haue beene here er this : with your *L.* good liking wee'll attend vpon you to see the feild for more certainty. It shalbe so; Come Maister Register lets walke. *Exeunt omnes.*
Finis. Act. secundi.

Act 3. Scena. 1.

ANAMNESTES. *With a purse in his hand.*

ANA. Forsooth *Oblivio* shut the dore vpon me I could come no sooner, ha? is he not here? O excellent! Would I were hangd but I lookt for a sound rappe on the pate, and that made me before hand to lift vp this excuse for a Buckler. I know hee's not at court, for here is his purse, without which warrant theres no coming thither, wherefore now *Anamnestes*, sport thy selfe a little, while thou art out of the prison of his company. What shall I do? by my troth anatomize his purse in his absence. *Plutus* send there be Jewells in it, that I may finely geld it of the stones. The best sure lies in the bottome—port ont heres nothing but a company of worme eaten papers; whats this? *Memorandum* that Maister *Prodigo* owes mee foure thousand pounds and that his lands are in pawne for it: *Memorandum* that I owe; that hee owes? tis well the olde slaue hath some care of his credit; to whom owes he trow I? that I owe *Anamnestes*? What me? I neuer lent him any thing; ha this is good, theres som-thing coming to me, more then I look'd for. Come on, what ist, *Memorandum* that I owe *Anamnestes*— a breeching; I faith Sir I will ease you of that paiement. (*He rendes the bill*) *Memorandum* that when I was a childe *Robusto* tript vp my heeles at foot-bale: what a Reuengfull dizard's this?

ACT. 3. SCEN. 2.

MENDACIO. *With Cushions under his armes, tripps vp Anamnestes heeles.*

MENDACIO. ANAMNESTES.

ANA. How now?

E 3

MEN.

L I N G U A .

M E N N. No-thing but lay you vpon the Cushion Sir, how so?

A N A. No-thing but lay the Cushion vpon you Sir?

M E N D. What my little *Nam*? by this foote I am fory I mis-
tooke thee.

A N. What my little *Men*? by this hand it grieues me I tooke
thee so right. But *Sirra* whither with these Cushions?

M E N. To lay them here that the Iudges may sit softly least
my Ladie *Lingua's* cause go hard with her.

A N. They should haue beene wrought with gold; these will
do nothing; But what makes thy Ladie with the Iudges?

M E N. Pish, know'it not? shee sueth for the title of a *Sense*, as
well as the rest that beare the name of the *Pentarchy*.

A N. Will Common sense and my Maister, leaue their affaires
to determine that Controuersie?

M E N. Then thou hearest nothing.

A N. What should I heare!

M E N. All the senses fell out about a Crowne false fro hea-
uen and pitcht a feild for it; but *Viceregent* Common sense hea-
ring of it tooke vpon him, to vmpire the contention, in which re-
gard he hath appointed them (their armes dismissed) to appeare
before him, charging euery on to bring as it were in a shew, their
proper obiects, that by them he may determine of their seuerall

A N. When is all this? (excellencies.

M E N. As soone as they can possibly provide.

A N. But can he tell which deserues best by their obiects?

M E N. No not only; for euery sense must describe his Instrumēt,
that is his house, where he personnes his daylie duty, so that by
the Obiect and the Instrument, my Lord can with greata ease dis-
cerne their place and dignities.

A N. His Lord-ships very wise.

M E N. Thou shalt heare all anon, fine maister *Phantastes*, and
thy master wil be here shortly. But how ist my little *Rogue*? me
thinkes thou look'st leane vpon't?

A N. Alas how should I do otherwise that lie all night with
such a Rawbond *Skelton* as *Memory* and runne all day on his
Errands. The Churle's growne so old and forgetfull, that euery
houre he's calling *Anamnestes*, remembrance, where art *Anam-
nestes*? Then presently some thing's lost, poore I must run for it,
and

LINGVA.

and these words, runne Boy, Come Sirra, quick, quick, quick, are
as familiar with him as the Cough, neuer out ons mouth.

MEN. Alack alack poore Rogue, I see my fortunes are better.
My Ladie loues me exceedingly; she's alwaies kissing mee, so
that (I tell thee *Nim*) *Mendacious* neuer from betwixt her lippes.

AN. Nor out of *Memories* mouth; but in a worse sort, al-
waies excercising my stumps and which is more [when hee fa- 181
uoures best then I am in the worst taking.

MEN. How so.

AN. Thus when wee are friends, then must I come and bee
dandled vpon his palse-quaking knees, and he'll tell me a long
story of his acquaintance with King *Priamus* and his familiarity
with *Nestor* and how he plaid at blowe-point with *Jupiter* when
he was in his side-coates and how he went to looke Birds-nests
with *Athos*; and where hee was at *Descalions* flood & 20. such
old wiues tales.

MEN. I wonder he being so old can talke so much.

AN. Nature thou know'st, knowing what an vnruely Engine the
tongue is, hath set teeth round about for watchmen; Now Sir,
my Maister's old age hath cought our all his teeth & that's the
cause it runs so much at liberty.

MEN. Philosophicall.

AN. O but ther's one-thing stings me to the very heart, to see
an vglie foule idie, fat, dusty clog-head, called *Obluio* preferred
before me doest know him?

MEN. Who I, But care not for his acquaintace, hang him block-
head, I could neuer abide him? Thou Remembrance art the only
friend that the armes of my friendship shall embrace, Thou hast
heard *Oportet mendacem esse memorem*. But what of *Obluio*.

AN. The very naming of him hath made me forget my selfe.
O, O, O, O, that Rascall is so made-of euery where.

MEN. Who *Obluio*?

AN. I, for our Courtiers hug him continually in their vgrate-ful
bosomes, & your smoth-belly fat backt, barrel-pauncht, tū-gut-
ted drones are euer without him, as for *Memory* he's a false hear-
ted fellow, he alwaies deceiues thā, they respect not him, except
it be to play a game at *Chests*, *Primero*, *Saunt*, *Man*, or such like.

MEN. I cannot thinke such fellowes haue to do with *Obluio*
since they neuer got any thing to forget.

AN. Again, these prodigall swagerers that are so much bound to
their 19

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their Creditors, if they haue but one Crosse about them, they'll spend it in Wine vpon *Oblivio*.

MEN. To what purpose I prethee? (cares.

AN. Onely in hope heele wash them in the Lethe of their

MEN. Why then no man cares for thee.

ANA. Yes a company of studious Paper-wormes and leane Schollers, and niggardly scraping Vsurers, & a troupe of heart-eating enuious persons, and those cancker-stomackt spitefull creatures, that furnish vp common place-bookes with other mens faults. The time hath bene in those golden dayes, when *Saturne* reigned; that if a man receiu'd a benefit of another; I was presently sent for to put him in minde of it, but now in these Iron after-noonies, saue your friends life; and *Oblivio* will be more familiar with him then you.

ACTVS. 3. SCENA. 3.

HEURESIS. MEND: ANAMNESTES.

HEUR. *Phantastes* not at Court? ift possible tis the strangest accident that euer was heard off, I had thought the Ladies and Gallants would neuer lye without him.

AN. Hift, hift, *Mendacio*, I prethee obferue *Heuresis*; it seemes he cannot finde his Maister, that's able to finde out all things; and art thou now at a fault, canst not finde out thine owne maister? ~~now~~ Ile trie one more way. O yes.

Hev:

MEN. What a Proclamation for him?

ANA. I, I, his nimble head is alwayes full of proclamations.

HEV. O yes!

MEN. But doth he crie him in the wood?

ANAM. O good sir, and good reason; for euery beast hath Phantasie at his pleasure.

HEV. O yes; if any man can tell any tidings, of a spruce, neate, apish, nimble, fine, foolish, absurd, humorous, conceited, Phantastique Gallant; with hollow eyes, sharpe looke, swart complexion, meager face, wearing as many toys in his apparel, as fooleries in his lookes and gesture, let him come forth & certifie me thereof, and he shall haue for his reward

ANAM.

L I N G U A.

ANAM. I can tell you where he is, what shall he haue?

HEVR. A box o' the eare sirra, (*snappe*)

ANAM. How now Inuention, are you so quick fingered? i-faith, ther's your principall sirra, (*snappe*) and here's the interest ready in my hand (*snappe*) [*They fall together by the eares.*]
Yea? haue you found out scratching? now I remember me.

HEVR. Do you bite you Rascall?

MERD. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, hee's the liuely picture of this axiome, *a quick Inuention and a good Memory can neuer agree.* Fic sic, sic *Heuresis*, beate him when hee's downe?

ANAM. Præhee lets alone proud Iack-an-Apes, Ile—

HEVR. What will you do?

ANAM. Vntresse thy points, and whip thee, thou paltry—
Let me go *Mendacio* if thou lou'st me, shall I put vp the—

MEN. Come, come, come you shall fight no more in good faith: *Heuresis*, your Maister will catch you anon.

HEVR. My Maister, where is he?

MEN. Ile bring you to him, come away.

HEVR. *Anamnesis*, I scorn that thou shouldst thinke I go away for feare of any thing thou canst do vnto me; here's my hand, as soone as thou canst pick the least occasion, put vp thy finger, I am for thee. *Exit Mendacio and Heuresis.*

AN. When thou dar'st *Heuresis*, when thou dar'st, Ile be as ready as thy selfe at any time.

This *Heuresis*, this Inuention, is the proudest Iack-a-napes, the peyrest selfe conceited Boy that euer breath'd; Because forsooth some odde Poet, or some such Phantastique fellowes, make much on him, there's no ho with him, the vile dandi-pratt will ore-looke the proudest of his acquaintance; but well I remember me, I learnt a trick t'other day, to bring a Boy ore the thigh finely, if he come, ifaith Ile tickle him with it.

Mendacio comes running back in great hast.

MEN. As I am a Rascall Nam, they are all comming. I see Maister Register trudging hether, as fast as his three feete will carry vp his foure Ages.

Exit Mendacio.

ACT.

LINGVA.

ACTVS. 3. SCENA. 4.

MEMORIA. ANAMNESTES.

MEM. Ah you leaden heeld Rascall.

ANA. Here 'tis Sir, I haue it, I haue it,

MEM. Is this all the haſt you make.

AN. An't like your worſhip your Clog-head *Oblivion* went before me, and ſoil'd the traile of your foote-ſteps, that I could hardly vndertake the queſt of your purſe forſooth.

MEM. You might haue bene here long ere this: Come hither ſirra, come hither, what muſt you go round about, goodly, goodly, you are ſo full of circumſtances.

AN. In truth Sir, I was here before, and miſſing you, went back into the Citty, ſought you in euery Ale-houſe, Inne, Tavern, Dicing-houſe, Tennis-court, Stewes, and ſuch like places, likely to find your worſhip in.

MEM. Ha villaine, am I a man likely to be found in ſuch places, ha?

ANA. No, no ſir, but I was told by my Lady *Lingua's* page that your Worſhip was ſeeking me, therefore I inquired for you in thoſe places where I knew you would aſke for me, and it pleaſe your worſhip.

MEM. I remember an other quarrell ſirra, but well, well, I haue no leiſure.

ACT. 3. SCENA. 5.

COM. SENS. LINGVA. PHANTASTES.
MEMORY. ANAMNESTES.

COM. S. *Lingua*, the Senſes by our appointment anon are to preſent their objects before vs; ſeeing therefore they be not in readineſſe, I license you in the meane while, either in your owne perſon, or by your Aduocate, to ſpeake what you can for your ſelfe.

LIN. My Lord if I ſhould bring before your honour all my friends,

LINGVA.

friends, ready to importune you in my behalfe, I should haue so many Reticoricians, Logitians, Lawyers and which is more, so many Women to attend mee, that this Groaue would hardly containe the Company, wherefore to auoide the tediousnesse I will lay the whole cause vpon the tippe of mine owne tongue.

COM. SEN. Be as bricfe as the necessity of our short time requires.

LING. My Lord, though the *Imbecillitas* of my feeble sexe, might drawe mee backe, from this Tribunall, with the *habenis* to wit *Timoris* and the *Catenis Pudoris*, notwithstanding beeing so fairely led on with the gratiouse *inuitia* of your *iustissime d'ingusobus*; Especially so aspremente spurd' con gli sproni di necessitia mia pungente, I will without the helpe of Orators, commit the *totam salutem* of my action to the *Voluntabilitati* τῆς γυναικὸς ὑμῶν, which (*avec vostre bonne playseur*) I will finish with more then *Laconicā breuitate*.

CO. SE. Whats this? here's a Gallemaufry of speech indeed.

MEM. I remember about the yeare 1602. many vsed this skew kind of language. Which in my opinion is not much vnlike the man, *Platonius* the Sonne of *Lagus*, King of *Agypt*, brought for a spectacle, halfe white halfe blacke.

COM. SEN. I am perswaded these same language makers haue the very quality of colde in their wit, that freezeth all *Heterogeneall* languages together, congealing English Tynne, *Græcian* Gold, *Romane* Latine all in a lumps.

PWA. Or rather in my imagination like your Fantastickall Gulls Apparell, wearing a Spanissh Felt, a French Doblet, a Granado Stocking, a Dutch Slop, an Italian Cloake, with a Welch frise Ierkin.

COM. SEN. Well, leave your toying, we cannot pluck the least fether from the soft wing of time. Therefore *Lingua* go on, but in a more formall manner; you know an ingenions Oratio must neyther swell aboue the Bankes with insolent words, nor creepe too shallow in the ford, with vulgar termes, but run equall, smooth, & cheerefull, through the cleane current of a pure stile.

LIN. My Lord, this one thing is sufficient to confirme my

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worth to be equall or better then the senses, whose best operations are nothing till I polish them with perfection; for their knowledge is only of things present, quickly sublimed with the swift file of time; whereas the tongue is able to recount things past, and often pronounce things to come, by this meanes re-edifying such Excellencies, as Time and Age doe easily depopulate.

COM. SEN. But what profitable seruice, do you vndertake for our dread *Queens Psicke*?

L I N G. O how I am raiust to thinke how infinitely she hath graced mee with her most acceptable seruice. But aboueall (which you Maister Register may well remember) when her highnesse taking my mouth for her instrument, with the Bowe of my tongue strooke so heauenly a touch vpon my teeth, that shee charmed the very Tigers a sleepe, the lystning Beares and Lions, to couch at her feete, while the Hills leaped, and the woodes daunced, to the sweete harmony of her most Angelicall accents.

M E M. I remember it very well. *Orpheus* plaied vpon the Harpe, while she sange about some foure yeares after the Con-
tention betwixt *Apollo* and *Pan*, and a little before the exco-
riation of *Marfyas*.

A N. By the same token the Riuer *Alpheus*, at that time pur-
suing his beloued *Arethusa*, dischanel'd himselfe of his former
course to bee partaker of their admirable consort, and the
musicke beeing ended, thrust himselfe head-long into
earth, the next way to followe his amorous Chase; if you
goe to *Arcadia* you shall see his comming vp againe.

COM. SEN. Forward *Lingua* with your reason.

L I N G. How oft hath her Excellencie imployed mee as Im-
ballador in her most vrgent affaires to torreigne Kings and
Emperours I may say to the Godds themselues. Howe many
bloudlesse Battailles haue my perswasions attained, when the
senses forces haue benee vanquished. Howe many Rebells
haue I reclaymed when her sacred authority, was little regar-
ded (her Lawes without exprobaton be it spoken) had bene al-
together vnpublished, her will vnperformed, her illustrious
deedes vtrenoumed had not the silver sound of my trumpet
filled

LINGVA.

filled the whole circuit of the Vniuerſe with her deſerued fame. Her Citties would diſſolue, traffique would decay, friendſhippes be broken, were not my ſpeech the knot. *Mercury*, and *Maſtique*, to binde, defende, and glewe them together. What ſhould I ſay more? I can neuer ſpeake inough of the vnſpeakeable praiſe of ſpeech, wherein I can find no other imperfection at all, but that the moſt exquisite power & excellency of ſpeech, cannot ſufficiently expreſſe the exquisite power, and excellency of ſpeaking.

COM. SEN. *Lingua*, your ſeruiſe and dignitie we confeſſe to be great; nertheleſe theſe reaſons prooue you not to haue the nature of a ſenſe.

LING. By your L. ſhips fauor I can ſoone prooue that a ſenſe is a facultie, by which our Queene ſitting in her priuy Chamber hath intelligence of exterior occurrents. That I am of this nature, I proue thus. *The obiect which I challenge is —*

Enter Appetitus in haſt.

APP. Stay, ſtay my Lo. defer I beſeech, defer the Iudgement.

COM. SEN. Who's this that boldly interrupts vs this hum.?

APP. My name is *Appetitus*, Common ſeruant to the Pentarchy of the ſenſes, who vnderſtanding that your Honour was handling this Action of *Lingua*, ſent mee hether thus haſtily, moſt humbly requeſting the Bench to conſider theſe Articles they alleage againſt her, before you proceede to iudgement.

COM. SEN. Hum, here's good ſtuſſe, Maſter Reſiſter readeth the *Appetitus* you may depart, and bid your Miſtriſſe make conuenient ſpeede.

APP. At your Lordſhips pleaſure.

Exit Appetitus.

MEM. I Remember that I forgot my ſpectacles, I left them in the 349. page of *Hulls* Chronicles, where hee tells a great wonder of a multitude of Miſe which had almoſt deſtroyed the Country, but that there reſorted a great mightie flight of Owles, that diſtroyed them. *Inamneſtes* readeth theſe Articles diſtinctly.

AT. AN. Inprimis wee accuſe *Lingua* of high treaſon, and ſaciledge, againſt the moſt honorable Common-weale of letters; for vn der pretence of proſiting the people with tranſlations, ſhee hath moſt vilye prostituted the hard muſtardies

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of vnknowne Languages to the prophane eares of the vulgar.

P H A N. This is as much as to make a new hell in the vpper world, for in Hell they say *Alexander* is no better then a Cobler, and now by these translations euery Cobler is as familiar with *Alexander* as he that wrote his life.

2. art. A N A M. Item that, she hath wrongfully imprisoned a Ladie called *Veritas*.

3. art. Item, that she's a witch and exerciseth her tongue in exorcismes.

4. art. Item, that she's a common whole, and lets euery one lie with her.

5. art. Item, that shee railes on men in Authority, deprauing their Honours, with bitter Iests and tauntes, and that she's a Backbyter, setting strife betwixt Bosome friends.

6. art. Item, that shee lends wiues weapons to fight against their husbands.

7. art. Item, that shee maintaines a traine of prating petty foggers, prouling Sumners, smooth tongu'd bawdes, artlesse Empericks, hungry Parasites, Newes-carriers, Ianglers, and such like idle Companions, that delude the Commanalty.

8. art. Item, that she made Rhetorique wanton, Logicke to bable, Astronomy to lie.

9. art. Item, that she is an incontinent Tel-tale.

10. art. Item (which is the last and worst) that shee's a Woman in euery respect, and for these causes not to bee admitted to the dignitie of a Sense. That these Articles bee true wee pawne our honors, and subscribe our names.

1. *Visus*. 4. *Olfactus*.

3. *Gustus*.

2. *Auditus*. 5. *Tactus*.

C O M. S E N. *Lingua* these bee shrewde allegations, and as I thinke vn-answerable, I will deferre the iudgement of your cause till I haue finished the contention of the Senses.

L I N G. Your Lordships must be obeyed, But as for them, most vngratefull, and perfidious wretches,

C O M.

L I N G V A.

COM. S. Good words become you better, you may depart if you will, till we send for you. *Anamnestes* runne, remember *Visus*, tis time he were ready.

ANAM. I go. (*Exit ANAM: et redit*) he stayes here expecting your Lordships pleasure.

ACTVS. 3. SCENA. 6.

A Page carrying a Scutchion argent charged with an Eagle displayed proper, then *Visus* with a Fanne of Peacocks feathers, next *Lumen* with a Crowne of Bayes, and a Shield with a bright Sunne in it, apparrelled in Tissue, then a Page bearing a Shield before *Coelum*, clad in Azure Taffata, dimpled with Starres, a Crowne of Starres on his head, and a Scarfe resembling the Zodiack ouerthwart the Shoulders, next a page clad in greene with a terrestriall Globe before *Terra*, in a greene Veluet gowne stucke with branches, and flowers, a Crowne of Turrets upon her head, in her hand a Key, then a Herauld leading in his hand Colour clad in changeable silke, with a Rainbome out of a Clond on her head, last a Boy, *Visus* Marshallcth his shew about the Stage, and presents it before the Bench.

VISVS. LV MEN. COELVM. PHANTAS. COM. SENS. MEMORIA.

V I S. Loe here the object that delight the sight,
The goodliest objects that mans heart can wish!
For all things that the Orbe first moueable,
Wrappes in the circuite of his large-stretcht armes,
Are subiect to the power of *Visus* eyes,
That you may know what profit light doth bring,
Note *Lumens* words, that speaks next following.

LV MEN. Light, the faire Grand-child to the glorious Sunne,
Opening the casements of the Rosie morne,
Makes the abashed heauens soone to shun,
The vgly darknesse it embrac'd before;
And at his first appearance puts to flight,
The vtmost reliques of the Hell-borne night,

This

LINGVA.

Dismay / This heau'nly sheild soone as it is displaide,
 Dismayes the vices that abhorre the light;
 To wanderers by Sea and Land giues aide;
 Conquers ~~dismay~~, recomforteth affright;
 Rowleth dull Idlenesse, and starts soft sleepers,
 And all the world to daily labour keepes,
 This a true looking glasse impartiall,
 Where Beauties selfe, her selfe doth beautific,
 With natiue hue, not artificiall,
 Discouering falsehood, opening veritie,
 The dayes bright eye colours distinction,
 Iust iudge of measure and proportion.
 The onely meanes by which each mortall eye,
 Sends messengers to the wide firmament,
 That to the longing soule brings presently
 High contemplation and deepe wonderment.
 By which aspiement she her wings displaies,
 And her selfe thither whence she came vpraiseth

P H. What blew thing's that, that's dappled so with Starres.

V I S. He represents the heau'n.

P H. In my conceit it were pritty, if hee thundred when hee

V I S. Then none could vnderstand him. (speakes.)

C O E L. Tropick coloures, the Equinoctiall,

The Zodiack poles, and line Edipticall,

The Nader, Zenith, and Anomalies,

The Azimeth and Ephimerides,

Starres, Orbes, and Plannets, with their motions,

The Orientall Regradations,

Excentricks, Epicycles, and—and—and—

P H. How now *Visus* is your heauen at a stay?

Or is it his *Motus trepidationis* that makes him stammer:

I pray you *Memory* set him agate againe.

M E M. I remember when *Iupiter* made *Amphitrio* Cuckold,
 and lay with his wife *Alcmena*, *Caelum* was in this taking for
 three dayes space, and stood still iust like him at a *non plus*.

C O M. S E N. Leau' iesting, youle put the fresh Actor out of
 countenance.

C O E L. Excentricks, Epicycles and Aspects,

In

L I N G V A.

In Sextile, Trine, and Quadrate, which effects
Wonders on earth: also the Oblique part
Of signes, that make the day both long and short,
The Constellations, rising Cosmically,
Setting of Starres, Chronicke, and Heliacall,
In the Orizon or Meridionall,
And all the skill in deepe Astronomie,
Is to the soule deuied by the eye.

PHA. *Visus* you haue made *Caelum* a heauenly speech, past
earthly capacitie, it had beene as good for him hee had thun-
dred. But I pray you who taught him speake and vse no action;
me thinke it had beene excellent to haue turn'd round about
in his speech.

Vis. Hee hath so many motions hee knowes not which to
begin withall.

PH. Nay rather it seemes hee's of *Copernicus* opinion, and
that makes him stand still.

*Terra comes to the midsts of the Stage, stands stil
a while, saith nothing, and steps back,*

COM. SE. Lets heare what *Terra* can say—iust nothing.

Vis. And'tlike your Lordship, t'were an *indecorum* *Terra*
should speake.

MEM. You are deceiued, for I remember when *Phaeton* rul'd
the Sunne, I shall neuer forget him, he was a very pretty youth,
the earth opened her mouth wide, and spoake a very good
speech to *Iupiter*.

ANAN. By the same token *Nylus* hid his head then, he could
neuer finde it since.

PH. You know *Memory* that was an extreame hotte day, &
'tis likely *Terra* sweat much, and so tooke cold presently after,
that euer since she hath lost her voyce.

HERALD. A *Quaton Ermines* added to the field, is a sure
signe the man that bore these Armes, was to his Prince as a de-
feasue shield, sauing him from the force of present Armes.

PH. I know this fellow of old, 'tis a Herald, many a Cen-
taure, Chimera, Barnacle. Crocadile, Hippotame, and such like
toyes, hath he stolne out of the shop of my Inuention, to shape
new coates for his vpstart Gentlemen. Either *Africa* must

LINGVA.

breed more monsters, or you make fewer Gentlemen M. Herault, for you haue spent all my deuises already, but since you are here, let me aske you a question, in your owne profession, how comes it to passe that the victorious Armes of England, quartred with the conquered Coate of France are not placed on the dexter side, but giue the flowre deluce the better hand?

HER. Because that the three Lyons are one coate made of two French Duke-domes, Normandy and Aquitaine: but I pray you *Visus*, what Iaye is that, that followes him?

VIS. 'Tis *Color* an object of mine, subiect to his commandment,

PHA. Why speakes he not?

VIS. He is so bashfull, he dares not speake for blushing: What thing is that, tell mee without delay.

A BOY. That's nothing of it selfe, yet euery way, Aslike a Man, as a thing, like may bee, And yet so vnlike, as cleane contrary, For in one point it euery way doth misse, Theright side of it a mans left side is Tis lighter then a Feather, and withall It fills no place, nor roome it is so small.

COM. SEN. How now *Visus*, haue you brought a boy with a riddle to pose vs all.

PHAN. Pose vs all? and I here; that were a iest indeed: My Lord, if he haue a *Sphinx*; I haue an *Oedipus* assure your selfe, lets heare it once againe.

BOY. What thing is that Sir. &c

PHAN. This such a knotty *Enigma*? why my Lord, I think it's a Woman, for first a Woman is nothing of her selfe, and againe shee is likest a man of any thing.

COM. SEN. But wherein is the vnlike?

PHA. In euery thing, in peeuishnes, in folly. — 'st Boy.

HEV. In Pride, Deceit, Prating, Lying, Cogging, Coynes, Spite, Hate Sir.

PHA. And in many moe such vices: Now he may well say, the left side a mans right side is, for a crosse wife, is alwayes contrary to her husband, euer contradicting what hee wisheth for, like to the verse in *Martiall*, *Velle tuum.*

MEM. *Velle tuum nolo, Dindine nolle volo.*

PHA.

L I N G V A.

PHA. Lighter then a feather, doth any man, make question of that?

MEM. They neede not, for I remember I saw a Cardinall weigh the once, & the Woman was found 3. graynes lighter.

COM. SEN. Tis strange, for I haue seene Gentlewomen weare Feathers oftentimes, can they carrie heauier things then themselves?

MEM. O sir, I remember, tis their onely delight to do so.

COM. SEN. But how apply you the last verse, it fills no place Sir?

PHA. By my faith, that spoyles all the former, for these far-dingalles take vp all the roome now a dayes, tis not a woman questionlesse, shall I be put downe with a Riddle sirrah, *Heureffis* search the corners of your conceit, and find it me quickly.

HEV. Hay *weung, weung*, I haue it, tis a mans face in a looking Glasse.

PHAN. My Lord, tis so indeede, Sirrah lets see it, for do you see my right eye here?

COM. SEN. What of your eye?

PH. O Lord, sir, this kind of frowne is excellent, especially when tis sweetned with such a pleasing smile.

COM. SE. *Phantastes*.

PHA. O Sir my left eie is my right in the glasse, do you see? by these lips my garters hang so neatly, my Gloues & shooes become my hands and feete so well: *Heureffis* tie my shooes strings with a new knot; — this point was scarce well trust, — so, tis excellent. — Looking-glasses were a passing inuention, I protest the fittest bookes for Ladies to study on —

MEM. Take heede you fall not in loue with your selfe *Phantastes*, as I remember: *Anamnestes* who wast that died of the looking disease?

AN. Forsooth *Narcissus*, by the same token he was turn'd to a Daffadill, & as he died for loue of himselfe, so if you remeber there was an old ill-fauoured, precious-nosed, babber-lipt, beetle-browed, Blere-eyd, slouch-eard slaue that looking himselfe by chance in a Glasse, died for pure hate.

PH. By the lip of my - I could liue and die with this face.

CO. S. Fie fie *Phantastes*, so effeminate, for shame leaue off

L I N G V A.

Visus your obiects I must needs say are admirable, if the house & instrument bee answerable, letts here therefore in breife your description

V I S. Vnder the fore-head of mount *Cephalon*,
That ouer-pees the coast of *Microcosme*,
All in the shaddowe of two pleasant groues,
Stand my two mansion houses, both as round
As the cleare heauens, both twins as like each other;
As starre to starre, which by the vulger sort,
For their resplendent composition,
Are named the bright eyes of mount *Cephalon*:
With foure faire roomes those lodgings are contriued.
Foure goodly roomes in forme most sphericall,
Closing each other like the heauenly orbes:
The first whereof, of Natures substance wrought,
As a strange moate the other to defende,
Is trained moueable by Art diuine:
Stirring the whole compacture of the rest,
The second chamber is most curiously
Composed of burnisht, and transparent horne.

P H A N. That's a matter of nothing, I haue knowne many haue such bed-chambers.

M E M. It may be so, for I remember being once in the townes Library, I read such a thing, in their greate booke of monuments called, Cornucopia, or rather their copia-Cornu.

V I S. The third's a lesser roome of purest glasse,
The fourth's smallest, but passech all the former,
In worth of matter built most sumptuously:
With walls transparent of pure Christaline.
This the soules mirrour and the bodies guide,
Loues Cabinet, bright beacons of the Realme,
Casements of light, quauer of Cupids shafts:
Wherein I sit and immediatly receiue,
The *species* of things corporeall,
Keeping continuall watch and centinell,
Least forraine hurt inuade our *Microcosme*,
And warning giue, (if pleasant things approach)
To entertaine them, from this costly roomes

Leaderh

L I N G V A.

Leadeth my Lord an entrie to your house,
Through which I howely to your selfe conuay
Matters of wisdome by experience bred:
Arts first inuention, pleasant vision,
Deepe contemplation, that attires the soule,
In gorgeous robes of flowering literature:
Then if that *Visus* haue deserued best,
Let his victorious browe, with Crowne be blest.

COM. SEN. *Anamnestes*, see who's to come next.

ANA. Presently my Lord.

PHAN. *Visus*, I wonder that amongst all your obiects, you
presented vs not with *Platoes Idea*, or the sight of *Ninivie*, *Babylon*, *London*, or some *Sturbridge faire-monsters*, they would haue
done passing well, those motions in my imagination are very
delightfull.

VIS. I was loath to trouble your honours with such toies,
neither could I prouide them in so short a time.

COM. SEN. We will consider your worth, meane while wee
dismiss you.

*Visus leads his shewe about the stage,
and so goeth out with it.*

ACT. 3. SCEN. *ultima.*

AUDITVS. &c.

AVD. Hearke, hearke, hearke, hearke, peace, peace, O peace:
O sweete, admirable, Swanlike heauenly, hearke, O most mel-
lissuous straine, O what a pleasant cloase was there, O full, most
delicate.

COM. SEN. How now *Phantaster*, is *Auditus* mad?

PHAN. Let him alone, his muscicall head is alwaies full of od
crotchets.

AVD. Did you marke the dainty dryuing of the last
pointe, an excellent maintrayning of the sonce, by the choise
timpan, of mine eare, I neuer heard a better list, st, st, hearke,
why theres a cadence able to rauish the dullest Stoicke.

LINGVA.

COM.SEN. I know not, what to thinke on him,

A VD. There how sweetly the plane-song was dissolued into descant, and how easily they came of with the last rest, Hearke, hearke, the bitter sweetest Achromaticke.

COM.SEN. *Auditus.*

A VD. Thankes good *Apoll* for this timely grace, neuer couldst thou in fitter: O more then most muscally harmony, O most admirable consort, haue you no eares? doe you not heare this musicke?

PHAN. It may bee good, but in my opinion, they rest too long in the beginning.

A VD. Are you then deafe? do you not yet perceiue the wondrous sound the heavenly orbes do make with their continuall motion, hearke, hearke, O hony sweete.

COM.SEN. What tune do they play?

A VD. Why such a tune as neuer was, nor euer shalbe heard, inarke now, now inarke, now, now. PHAN. List, list, list,

A VD. Hearke O, sweete, sweete, sweete.

PHAN. List how my heart enuiet my happy eares, list, by the gold string harpe of *Apoll*, I heare the celestially musicke of the spheares, as plainly as euer *Pithagoras* did. O most excellent diapason, good, good, good. It plaies fortune my for, as distinctly as may be.

COM.SEN. As the foole thinketh, so the bell clinketh, I protest I heare no more then a post.

PHAN. What, the Lualta! hay? nay if the heauens fiddle, *Phanfy* must needs dance.

COM.S. Prethe sit stil, thou must dance nothing but the passing measures. *Memory* do you heare this harmony of the spheares?

MEM. Not now my Lord, but I remember about some 4000. yeares ago, when the Skie was first made, we heard very perfectly.

ANA. By the same token the first tune the planets plaied, I remember *Venus* the treble ran sweet diuision vpo *Saturne* the base. The first tune they plaied was *Sollengers* roud, in memory whereof euer since, it hath bene called the beginning of the world.

COM.SEN. How comes it we cannot heare it now.

MEM. Our eares are so well acquainted with the sounde, that we neuer marke it. As I remember the *Egyptian* Catadupes neuer

LINGVA.

neuer heard the roringe of the fall of *Nilus*, because the noise is so familiar vnto them.

COM. SEN. Haue you no other obiects to iudge by, then these

A V D. This is the rarest and most exquisite, . . . (*Auditus?*)
Most sphericall, diuine, angelicall,
But since your duller eares cannot perceiue it:

May it please your Lordship to with draw your selfe,
Vnto this neigh-boring groue; there shall you see,

How the sweete treble, of the chirping birds,
And the soft stirring of the mooued leaues,

Running delightfull descant to the sound;
Of the base murmuring of the bubling brooke,

Becomes a consort of good instruments,
Whiles twenty babling ecchoes round aboute;

Out of the stony concaue of their mouthes,
Restore the vanish't musicke of each cloise,

And fill your eares full with redoubled pleasure.

COM. SEN. I will walke with you very willingly, for I growe
weary of sitting. Come Maister *Register*, and Maister *Phantasies*,

Finis. Act. 3. Exeunt omnes.

Act 4. Scena. 1.

MENDATIO. ANAMNESTES. HEVRESIS.

MEN. Prethee, *Nam*, bee perswaded, ist not better go to a
feast then stay here for a fray?

ANA. A feast? doest thinke *Auditus* wil make the Iudges a feast?

MEN. Faith, why should he carry them to his house els?

ANA. Why sinta to heare a set or two of songs, slid his ban-
quets are nothing bur fish, all soll, soll, soll. He teach thee wit
boy, neuer go mee to a musitions house for Iunkets, vn'esse thy
stomake lies in thine eares; for there is nothing but commen-
ding this songs delicate aire, that motects dainty aire, this son-
nets sweete aire, that madrigalls melting aire, this dirge
mournfull aire, this Church aire, that Chamber aire, *French* aire,
English aire, *Italian* aire, Why Lad, they bee pure Chamallions,
they feede only vpon the aire,

MEN.

LINGVA.

MEN. Chamelions? Ile be sworne some of your Fidlens be rather Can nels, for by their good-wills they will neuer leaue eating.

ANA. True, and good reason, for they do nothing all the day but stretch and grate their small guts; but ô, yonders the Ape *Heuresis*: let me go I prethee.

MEN. Nay good-now itay a little, let's see his humor.

HEV. I see no reason to the contrary, for we see the quintessence of Wine will conuert Water into Wine; why/therefore should not the Elixar of gold turne lead into pure gold?

MEN. Ha, ha, ha, ha, he is turned Chimick firra, it seemes so by his talke.

HEV. But how shall I deuise to blow the fire of Beeche-coales, with a continuall and equall blast? ha? I will haue my bellowes druen with a wheele, which wheele shall bee a selfe mouer.

ANA. Here's old turning, these Chimicks seeking to turne Lead into Gold, turne away all their owne Siluer.

HEV. And my wheele shall be Geometrically proportioned into 7. or 9. concaue incircled armes, wherein I will put equall poises, hai, hai, hai, *eu puz, eu puz*, I haue it, I haue it, I haue it.

MEN. *Heuresis*?

HEV. But what's best to containe the Quick-siluer? ha?

ANA. Do you remember your promise *Heuresis*?

HEV. It must not be Yron, for Quick-siluer is the tyrant of Mettles and will soone fret it.

ANA. *Heuresis*? *Heuresis*?

HEVR. Nor Brasse, nor Copper, nor Mastlin, nor Minerall, *eu puz, eu puz*, I haue it, I haue it, it must be.

ANA. You haue indeed firra, and thus much more then you looked for. (*snappe.*)

*Heuresis and Anamneste about to fight,
but Mendacio parts them.*

MEN. You shall not fight, but if you will alwayes disagree, let vs haue words and no blowes; *Heuresis*, what reason haue you to fall out with him?

HEV. Because he is alwaies abusing me, and takes the vpper hand of me euery where.

ANA. And

L I N G V A.

ANA And why not sitra? I am thy better in any place.

HEV. Haue I beene the Author of the seauen liberall Sciences, and consequently of all learning? haue I beene the patron of all Mechanicall deuises, to be thy inferiour? I tell thee *Anamnestes* thou hast not so much as a point but thou art beholding to me for it.

ANA. Good, good, but what had your inuention beene, but for my remembrance: I can proue that thou belly-sprung inuention, art the most improfitable member in the world, for euersince thou wert borne thou hast beene a bloody murtherer, and thus I proue it: In the quiet yeares of *Saturne* (I remember *Iupiter* was then but in his swath-bands) thou rentest the bowels of the earth, & broughtst gold to light; whose beautie (like *Hellen*) set al the world by the cares, Then vpō that thou foundest out Iron, and puttest weapons in their hands, and now in the last populous age, thou taught'st a scab-shin frier, the hellish inuention of powder and gunnes.

HEV. Call'st it hellish? thou liest it is the admirable'st inuention of all others, for whereas others imitate nature, this excells nature her selfe.

MEM. True for a Cannon will kill as many at one shot, as *Thunder* doth commonly at twenty.

ANA. Therefore more murthering art thou then the light bolt.

HEV. But to shewe the strength of my conceite, I haue found out a meanes to withstand the stroke of the most violent culuering: *Mendatio* thou sawest it when I demonstrated inuention.

ANA. What some wool-packes? or mudwalls? or such like?

HEV. *Mendatio* I prethee tell it him for I loue not to bee a trumpe-er of mine owne praises.

MENDAT. I must needs confesse, this deuise to passe all that euer I heard or saw; and thus it was, first hee takes a Faulcon, and charges it without all deceiptes, with dry powder well canphred, then did hee put in a single bullet, and a great quantity of drop shot both round and lachrimall, this done he sets me a boy 60. paces off, iust pointe blanke ouer against the mouth of the peece, now in the very midst of the direct line hee

H

fastens

L I N G U A .

fastens a post, vpon which he hangs me in a corde a Siderite, of Herculean stone.

ANA. Well, well, I know it well, it was found out in *Ida*, in the yeare of the world— by one *Magnes*, whose name it retains, though vulgarly they call it an Adamant.

[MEN. When hee had hangd this Adamant in a corde, he comes back, and giues fire to the tutch-hole, now the powder consumed to a void vacuum.

HEV. Which is intollerable in Nature, for first shall the whole Machin of the world, heauen, earth, sea, and ayre, returne to the mishapen house of Chaos, then the least vacuum be found in the vniuersc.

MEN. The bullet and drop-shot most impetuously from the fierie throate of the Culuering, (but o strange) no sooner came they neere the Adamant in the corde, but they were all arrested by the Sargent of Nature, and howered in the ayre round about it, till they had lost the force of their motion, clasping themselves close to the Stone in most louely manner, and not any one flew to endanger the marke, so much did they remember their duty to nature, that they forgot the errand they were sent of.

ANA. This is a very artificiall lye.

MEN. Nam beleue it, for I saw it, and which is more, I haue practised this deuise often: once when I had a quarrell with one of my Lady *Veritas* naked knaues, and had pointed him the field, I conuaide into the heart of my Buckler an Adamant, and when we met, I drew, all the foynes of his Rapier, whether soeuer hee intended them, or howsoeuer I guided mine amie, pointed still to the midst of my buckler, so that by this meanes, I hurt the Knaue mortally, and my selfe came away vntoucht, to the wonder of all the beholders.

ANA. Sirra you speake Metaphorically, because thy witte *Mendacio* alwayes drawes mens obiections to thy forethought excuses.

HEV. *Anamneses* 'tis true, and I haue an addition to this, which is to make the bullet, shot from the enemy, to returne immediatly vpon the Gunner: but let all these passe, and say the worst thou canst against me.

ANA.

L I N G V A.

ANA. I say Gunnes were found out for the quick dispatch of mortality, and when thou sawest men grow wise, and beget so faire a childe as Peace, of so foule and deformed a mother as Warre, least there should bee no murther, thou deuisest poyson.

15 MEN. Nay sic *Nam*, vrge him not too farre.

ANA. And last and worst, thou foundest out cookery, that kills more then weapons, gunnes, warres or poysons, and would destroy all, but that thou inuentedst *Phisicke*, thar helpes to make away some.

HEV. But sirra, besides all this, I deuised Pillories for such forging villaines as thy selfe.

ANA. Calst mee villaine?

They fight, and are parted by Mendacio.

MEN. You shall not fight as long as I am here, giue ouer I say.

HEV. *Mendacio* you offer mee great wrong to hold me, in good-faith I shall fall out with you.

MENDA. Away, away, away, you are Inuention, are you not.

HEV. Yes Sir, what then?

MEN. And you remembrance?

ANA. Well sir, well.

MEN. Then I will be *Iudicium*, the moderator betwixt you, and make you both friends, come, come, shake hands, shake hands.

HEV. Well, well, if you will needs haue it so?

ANA. I am in some sort content.

Mendacio walkes with them, holding them by the hands.

MEN. Why this is as it should be, when *Mendacio* hath *Inuention* on the one hand, and *Remembrance* on the other, as heele be sure neuer to bee found with Truth in his mouth: so hee scornes to be taken in a lye, hai, hai, hai, my fine waggess whist?

ANA. Whist.

HEV. Whist.

L I N C O L N .

ACT. 4. SCEN. 2.

Comunis, Sensus, Memory, Phantastes, Heuresis, Anamnestes take their places on the bench, as before, Auditus on the stage, a page before him bearing his target, the field sable, an heart or, next him Tragedus appaerled in black velvet, faire buskins, a fauchion &c. then Comedus in a light colourede greene taffata robe, silke stockings, pumps, gloves. &c.

COMMUNIS SENSUS, MEMORY, PHANTASTES,
HEURESIS, ANAMNESTES, &c.

COM. They had some reason that held the soule a harmony,
for it is greatly delighted with musick, howe fast wee weare
tyed by the eares to the consort of voices powder? but all is
but a little pleasure, what profitable obiects hath he?

PHA. Your eares will teach you presently, for now hee is
comming, that fellowe in the bayes mee thinks I should haue
known him; o tis *Comedus*, tis so, but he is become now a daies
something humerous, and too too, Satyricall, vp and downe,
like his great grand-father *Aristophanes*.

AN. These two my Lord *Comedus* and *Tragedus*,
My fellowes both, both twins, but so vnlike,
As birth to death, wedding to funerall:
For this that rears him selfe in buskins quainte,
Is pleasant at the first, proud in the midst:
Stately in all, and bitter death at end,
That in the pumpes doth frowne at first acquaintance:
Trobles the midst, but in the end concludes,
Cloasing vp all with a sweete catastrophe.
This graue and sad disdain with brinish teares,
That light and quick with wrinkled laughter painted;
This deales with Nobles, Kings, and Emperours:
Full of great feares, great Hopes, great enterprises,
This other trades with men of meane condition;
His projects small, small Hopes and dangers little,
This gorgeous, broidered with rich sentences:

Tha

L I N G V A.

That faire and purpled round with merriments
Both vice detect, and vertue beautifie:
By being deaths mirrour, and lifes looking glasse.

COM. *Salutem iam primum a principio propitiam.*
Mihi atque Vobis spectatores natio.

PHA. Pish, pish this is a speech with no action, lets here T E-
R E N C E, *quid igitur faciam. &c.*

COM. *Quid igitur faciam? non eam ne nunc quidam cum ac-
cusor ultro?*

PHA. Phy, phy, phy, no more action, lend me your baies, doe
it thus. *Quid igitur. &c.* (he acts it after the old kinde of *Panto-
mimick* action.)

COM. SEN. I should iudge this action *Phantastes* most absurd, vn-
les we should come to a Commedy, as gentlewomen to the co-
mencement, only to see men speake.

PHA. In my imagination it's excellent, for in this kinde the
hand (you knowe) is hainger to the tongue and prouides the
words a lodging in the eares of the Auditors.

COM. SEN. *Auditis* it is nowe time you make vs acquainted
with the quality of the house you keepe in, for our better healpe
in iudgement.

* A V D. Vpon the sides of faire mount *Cephalor*,
Haue I two houses passing humane skill:
Of finest matter by dame nature wrought,
Whose learned fingers haue adorn'd the same
With gorgeous porches of so strange a forme,
That they command the passingers to stay.
The dores whereof, in hospitallity,
Nor day, nor night, are shut, but open wide,
Gently inuite all commers; wherevpon,
They are named the open eares of *Cephalon*.
But least some boulder sound should boldy rush,
And breake the wise compoſure of the worke,
The skilfull builder wisely hath intrangd,
An entry from each port with curious twines,
And crookt Meanders, like the labyrinth,
That *Dedalus* fram'd to inclose the Minotaure;
At end whereof is placed a costly portall:

L I N G V A.

Porch

Resembling much the figure of a drumme,
 Granting slow entrance to a priuate closet:
 Where daily with a mallet in my hand,
 I set and frame all words and founds that come,
 Vpon an Anuile, and so make them fit
 For the perewinckling poore, that winding leades,
 From my close chamber to your Lordships cell.
 Thither do I chiefe Iustice of all accents,
 Psyche's next porter, Microcosmes front;
 Learnings rich treasure, bring discipline,
 Reason, discourse, knowledge of foraigne states,
 Lowd fame of great Heroes vertuous deeds:
 The marrowe of graue speeches and the flowers
 Of quickest Wits, neat Iests, and pure Conceits;
 And often times to ease the heavy burthen,
 Of gouernment, your Lordships shouldeybear
 I thither do conduce the pleasing Nuptialls
 Of sweetest iustruments, with heauenly noise.
 If then *Audius*, haue deseru'd the best,
 Let him be dignified before the rest.

COM. SEN, *Audius*, I am almost a Skepticke in this matter,
 scarce knowing which way the ballance of the cause will decline,
 When I haue heard the rest, I will dispatch iudgement; meane
 while you may depart.

*Audius leads his shewe about the stage,
 and then goes out.*

ACTVS. 4. SCENA. 3.

COMMVNIS SENSVS, Memoria, Phantastes, Anamnestes,
 Heuresis as before, Olfactus in a garland of severall flowers, a
 page before him, bearing his target, his shield vert, a hound ar-
 gent, two Boyes with casting bottells, and two with censors
 with incense, another with a velvet cushion stuck with flowers,
 an other with a basket of hearbes, an other with a box of Oynt-
 ment, Olfactus leads them about, and making obeysance presents
 them before the bench.

I. Boy

L I N G V A.

I. B O Y. Your onely way to make a good pomander, is this. Take an ounce of the purest garden mould, cleansed and steeped seaven daies in change of motherlesse rose water, then take the best Labdanum, Benioine, both Storaxes, amber greece, ~~and~~ Ciuet, and muske, incorporate them together, and work them into what forme you please; this, if your breath bee not too valiant, will make you smell as sweete as my Ladies dogge.

P H A. This Boy it should seeme represents Odor, hee is so perfect a perfumer.

O D O R. I do my Lord, and haue at my command,
The smell of flowers, and Odoriferous drugs,
Of oyntments sweete, and excellent perfumes,
And Court-like waters, which if once you smell,
You in your heart would wish as I suppose,
That all your Body were transformed to Nose.

P H A. *Olfactus* of all the Senses, your objects haue the worst luck, they are alwaies iarring with their contraries; for none can weare Ciuet, but they are suspected of a proper badde sent, ~~where~~ the prouerbe springs, hee smelleth best, that doth of nothing smell.

where

ACT. 4. SCENA 4.

*The bench and Olfactus as before, Tobacco apparelled in a tastu-
fuita mantle, his armes browne and naked, his kins made of the
pilling of Officers, his necke bare, hung with Indian leaues, his face
browne painted with blew stripes, in his nose swines teeth, on his
head a painted wicker crowne, with Tobacco pipes set in it, plumes
of Tobacco leaues, lead by two Indian boyes naked, with tapers
in their hands, Tobacco boxes and pipes lighted.*

P H A. Foh, foh, what a smell is heare? is this one of your delightfull objects?

O L F. It is your onely sent in request Sir.

C O M. S E N. What fiery fellowe is that, which smoakes so much in the mouth?

O L F.

L I N G V A.

O L F. It is the great and puissant God of Tobacco.

T O B. *Ladoch guevarroh pufuer shelvaro baggon,
Olfa di quanon, Indi cortilo vraggon.*

P H A. Ha, ha, ha, ha, this in my opinion is the tongue of the Antipodes.

M E M. No I remember it very well; it was the language the Arcadians spake, that liued long before the Moone.

C O M. S E N. What signifies it *Olfaſtus*?

O L F. This is the mighty Emperour Tobacco, King of Trinidado, that in being conquered, conquered all Europe, in making them pay tribute for their smoake.

T O B. *Erfronge inglues conde hyſingo,
Deuelin floſcoth ma pu cocthing.*

O L F. Expeller of Catarhe, baniſher of all agues, your guts onely ſalue for the greene wounds of a non plus.

T O B. *Al vulcam vercu, l parda pora ſi de gratam, ka ſamala mara, che Banho reſpartera, quirara?*

O L F. Sonne to the God *Vulcan*, and *Tellus*, kinne to the father of Myrth, called *Bacchus*?

T O B. *Viſcardonok, pilloſtuphe, paſcano tinaromagas,
Pagidagon ſtollisſe, carocibato ſcribas.*

O L F. Genius of all Swaggerers, profeſt enemy to Phyſitions, ſweete ointment for ſowre teeth, firme knot of good fellowſhip, Adamant of Company, ſwift winde, to ſprede the wings of Time, hated of none, but thoſe that know him not, and of ſo great deſerts, that who ſo is acquainted with him, can hardly forſake him.

P H A. It ſeemes theſe laſt words were very ſignificant. I promiſe you a God of great denominatiō, he may be my Lord Tappes for his large Titles.

C O M. S E N. But forward *Olfaſtus*, as they haue done before you, with your diſcription?

O L F. Iuſt in the mid'ſt of *Cephalon's* round face,
As 'twere a frontiſpice vnto the hill,
Olfaſtus lodging built in figure long,
Doubly diſ-parted with two precious vaults,
The rootes whereof moſt richly are incloſ'd,
With Orient Pearles, and ſparkling Diamonds.

Beſet

LINGVA.

Beset at the end with Emerauds and Turchois,
 And Rubies red, and flaming Crisolits,
 At vpper end whereof in costly manner,
 I lay my head betweene two spongeous pillowes.
 Like faire *Adonis* twixt the paps of *Venus*,
 Where I conducting in and out the wind,
 Daily examine all the ayre inspir'd.
 By my pure searching, if it be pure,
 And fit to serue the lungs with lively breath:
 Hence do I likewise minister perfume
 Vnto the neighbour brayne, perfumes of force
 To cleare your head, and make your fantasie,
 To refine wit, and sharpe inuention,
 And strengthen memory, from whence it came,
 That old deuotion, Incence did ordaine
 To make mans spirits more apt for things diuine;
 Besides a thousand more commodities,
 In leiw whereof your Lordships I request,
 Giue me the crowne if I deserue it best.

Olfactus leades his company about
 the Stage, and goes out.

ACTVS. 4. SCENA. 5.

*The Bench as before: a Page with a shield argent, an Ape proper
 with an apple, then Gustus with a cornucopia in his hand, Bac-
 chus in a Garland of leaues and Grapes, a white fute, and ouer
 it a thin sarsenet to his foote, in his hand a speare wreathed with
 vine leaues, on his arme a Target with a Tiger, Ceres with a
 Crowne of eares of corne, in a yellow silke robe, a bunch of poppy
 in her hand, a schutcheon charged with a Dragon.*

COM. SEN. In good time *Gustus*; haue you brought your
 obiects?

GVS. My seruant *Appetitus* followeth with them.

AP. Come come *Bacchus*, you are so fat; enter enter.

PH. Fie, fie *Gustus*, this is a great indecorum to bring *Bac-
 chus* alone, you should haue made *Thirst* led him by the hand.

I

GVS.

Lead

LINGVA.

Gvs. Right Sir, but Men now a dayes drinke often when they be not drye; besides I could not get red hearings and dried neates tongues enough to apparell him in.

COM. SEN. What neuer a speech of him.

Gvs. I put an *Ostane* of *lambicks* in his mouth, and hee hath drunke it downe.

AP. Well done, Muscadine and Eggs stand hot; what butter'd Claret? go thy way thou had'st best, for blind men that cannot see how wickedly thou look'st -- how now, what small thin fellow are you here? ha?

BOY. Beere forsooth, beere forsooth.

AP. Beere forsooth? get you gone to the buttery, till I call for you; you are none of *Bacchus* attendants, I am sure, he cannot indure the smell of Mault. Where's *Ceres*? o well, well, is the March-pane broken? ill luck, ill luck, come hang't, neuer stand to set it together againe; serue out fruite there; (*Enter Boyes with a Banquet, Marmolet, sweet &c. deliuer it round among the Gentlewomen, and goe out*) what doe you come with roste-meat after Aples, away with it. Disgestion serue out cheefe; what, but a penny-worth, it is iust the measure of his nose that sold it? lambs wooll; the meekest meate in the world, 'twill let any man fleece it. Snap-dragon there.

MEM. O I remember this dish well, it was first inuented by *Pluto* to intertaine *Proserpina* withall.

PHA. I thinke not so *Memory*, for when *Hercules* had kild the flaming Dragon of *Hesperdia*, with the Apples of that Orchard, he made this fiery meate, in memory whereof hee named it Snap-dragon.

COM. SEN. *Gustus*, lets here your description?

Gvs. Neare to the lowly base of *Cephalon*,
My house is plac'd, not much vnlike a *Caue*:
Yet archt about by wondrous workmanship,
With hewen stones wrought smoother and more fine.
Then *lappet* or Marble fayre from *Island* brought.
Ouer the dore directly doth incline
A fayre *Percullis* of compacture strong,
To shut out all that may anoy the state,
Or health of *Microcosme*; and within

L I N C O L N.

Is spread along board like a pliant tongue,
 At which I howerly sit, and try all take,
 Of meats and drinks needfull and delectable:
 Twise euery day do I prouision make
 For the sumptuous kitchen of the common wealth;
 which once well boyld, is soone distributed,
 To all the members, well refreshing them
 With good supplie of strength-renewing foodes.
 Should I neglect this meeing dilligence,
 The body of the Realme would ruinate.
 Your selfe my Lord with all your policies
 And wondrous wit, could not preferue your selfe.
 Nor you Phantasies, nor you Memories
 Psyche her selfe, were't not that I repaire
 Her crazie house with props of nourishment,
 Would soone forsake vs: for whose dearest sake
 Many a grievous paine haue I sustain'd,
 By bitter pills, and slowre purgations;
 Which if I had not valiantly abidden,
 She had beene long ere this departed.
 Since the whole *Microcosme* I maintaine,
 Let mee as Prince, about the Senses raigne.

COM. SEN. The reasons you vrge *Gustus* breed a new doubt
 whether it be better to be commodious or necessary, the resolu-
 tion whereof I refer to your iudgement; licsensing you meane
 while to depart. (*Gustus leads his shew about the stage, & goes out*)

ACTVS 4. SCENA. 6.

The bench as before; TACTVS, a Page before him bearing his
Scutcheon, a Tortesse fables.

TAC. Ready anon forsooth? the Diuell she will,
 Who would be toyld with wenches in a shew.

COM.S. What in such anger *Tactus*? whats the matter?

TAC. My Lord, I had thought as other Senses did,
 By sight of objects to haue prou'd my worth;
 Wherefore considering that of all the things,
 That please me most, women are counted chiefe,

Why

LINGVA.

I had thought to haue represented in my shew,
The Queene of pleasure, *Venus* and her Sonne,
Leading a Gentleman enamored,
With his sweete touching of his Mistrisse lippes,
And gentle griping of her tender hands,
And diuers pleasant relishes of touch,
Yet all contained in the bounds of chastity.

PHA. *Tullius*, of all I long to see your objects,
How comes it we haue lost those pretty sports.

TAC. Thus 'tis, five houres agoe I set a douzen maides to
attire a boy like a nize Gentlewoman: but there is such doing
with their looking-glasses, pinning, vnpinning, setting, vnsetting,
formings and conformings, painting blew vaines, and cheekes,
such starr with Sticks and Combes, Cascanets, Dressings;
Purles, Fallies, Squares, Buskes, Bodies, Scarffes, Neck-laces, Car-
canets, Rebatoes, Borders, Tires, Fannes, Palizadoes, Pusses,
Ruffes, Cuffes, Muffes, Pusiles, Fusiles, Partlets, Frislets, Bandlets,
Filletts, Crosletts, Pendulets, Amulets, Annulets, Bracelets, and so
many lets, that yet shee is scarce drest to the girdle: and now
there's such calling for Fardingales, Kirtlets, Busk-points, shoo-
tyes &c. that seauen Pedlers shops, nay all Sturbridge Faire, will
scarce furnish her: a Ship is sooner rigd by farre, then a Gentle-
woman made ready.

PHA. Tis strange, that women being so mutable,
Will neuer change in changing their apparell?

COM. SEN. Well let them passe; *Tullius* we are content,
To know your dignity by relation.

TAC. The instrument of instruments, the hand,
Courtiers index, Chamberlane to Nature,
The bodie's Souldier, and mouthes Caterer,
Psyches great Secretarie, the dumbe's eloquence,
The blindman's Candle, and his forehead's Buckler,
The minister of wrath, and friendship's signe,
This is my instrument: neuerthelessse my power
Extends it selfe, farre as our Queene commands,
Through all the parts and climes of *Microcosme*.
I am the roote of life, spreading my vertue
By sinewes, that extend from head to foote,

To

LINGVA.

To euery liuing part.
 For as a futtle Spider closely fitting,
 In center of her web that spreadeth round,
 If the least Flie but touch the smallest thred,
 Shce feelles it instantly; so doth my selfe,
 Casting my slender nerue, and sundry netts,
 Ouery euery particle of all the body,
 By proper I kill perceauce the difference,
 Of seuerall qualities, hot, cold, moist and drie;
 Hard, soft, rough, smooth, clammy and slippery.
 Sweete pleasure, and sharp paine profitable,
 That makes vs wounded seeke for remedy:
 By these meanes do I teach the Body flie,
 From such bad things as may indanger it:
 A wall of brasie can be no more defence,
 Vnto a towne then I to *Microcosme*.
 Tell me what sence is not beholding to mee,
 The nose is hot or cold, the eies do weepet,
 The eares do feelee, the tast's a kinde of touching,
 That when I please, I can command them all,
 And make them tremble when I threaten them.
 I am the eldest, and biggest of all the rest,
 The chiefeest note, and first distinction,
 Betwixt a liuing tree and liuing beast;
 For though one heare, and see; and smell, and tast,
 If he wants touch, he is counted but a block.
 Therefore my Lord grant me the royalty;
 Of whome there is such great necessity.

COM. SEN. *Tactus* stand aside; you sirra *Anamnestes* tell the
 Senses we expect their appearance.

ANA. At your Lordships pleasure? *Exit Anamnestes.*

ACT. 4. SCEN. 7.

COM. SEN. PHA. MEM. HEV. ANA. *Vpon the bench consulting among themselves*: VIS. TACT. GVST. and OLF. *enter one with his shield vpon his arme*: LINGVA and MENDANTIO *with them.*

COM. SEN. Though you deserue no small punishment for
 these

L I N G V A.

these vp-rores, yet at the request of these my assistants I remit it; & by the power of Iudgement our gracious soueraigne *Psyche* hath geuen mee, Thus I determine of your controuerfies: hum? By your former obiects, instruments and reasons, I conceaue the state of *Sense* to bee deuided into two parts, one of commodity, the other of necessity, both which are either for our Queene or for our country, but as the Soule is more excellent then the Body, so are the *Senses* that profit the Soule to be estimated before those that are needefull for the Body; *Visus* and *Auditus* serue your selues, Maister *Register* giue me the crowne; because it is better to be well, then simply to be, therefore I iudge the crowne by right to belong to you of the Commodities part & the robe to you of the Necessities side; and since you *Visus* are the author of inuention, & you *Auditus* of increase and additiō to the same, seeing it is more excellent to inuent, then to augment, I establish you *Visus* the better of the two, and chiefe of all the rest, in token whereof, I bestowe vpon you this crowne to weare at your liberty.

[*V* I S. I most humbly thanke your Lordships.

COM. SEN. But least I should seeme to neglect you *Auditus*, I heare chuse you to bee the Lords intelligencer to *Psyche* her Maiefty, and you *Olfactus*, we bestow vpon you the chiefe Preisthood of *Microcosme*, perpetually to offer incense in her maiesties temple. As for you *Tactus* vpon your reasons aleaged, I bestowe vpon you the roabs.

TACT. I accept it most gratefully at your iust hands, and will weare it in the deare remembrance of your good Lordship.

COM. SEN. And lastly, *Gustus* we elect you *Psyche* her onely taster, and great purueior for all her dominions, both by sea and land, in her realme of *Microcosme*.

GVS. We thanke your Lordship, and rest well content with equall arbitrement.

COM. SEN. Now for you *Lingua*.

LIN. I beseech your honour let me speake, I will neither trouble the company nor offend your patience.

COM. SEN. I cannot stay so long: wee haue consulted about you, and finde your cause to stand vpon these termes, and conditions. The number of the *Senses* in this little world, is answerable

L I N G V A.

swerable to the first bodies in the great world: now since there bee but five in the Vniuerse, the foure elements and the pure substance of the heauens, therefore there can bee but five senses in our *Microcosme*, correspondent to these, as the sight to the heauens, hearing to the aire, touching to the earth, sinelling to the fire, tasting to the water, by which five meanes onely the vnderstanding is able to apprehend the knowledge of all Corporeall substances? wherefore wee iudge you to bee no *Sense* simply, onely thus much we from hence forth pronounce, that all women for your sake shall haue six *Senses*, that is seeing, hearing, tasting, sinelling, touching, and the last and feminine sense, the sense of speaking.

Gvs. I beseech your Lordships and your assistants, (the onely cause of our friendship,) to grace my table with your most welcome presence this night at supper.

4 [COM. SEN. I am sorry I cannot stay with you, you know we may by no meanes omit our dailey attendance at the Court, therefore I praie you pardon vs.

Gvs. I hope I shall not haue the deniall at your hands my Maisters, and you my Ladie *Lingua*, come let vs drowne all our anger in a bowle of hippocras.

Exeunt Sensus omnes exteriores.

COM. SEN. Come Maister *Register* shall we walke?

MEM. I pray you stay a little? let mee see *ha*, *ha*, *ha*, *ha*, *ha*.

PHA. How now *Memory* so merry? what doe you trouble your selfe with two palsies at once? shaking, and laughing.

MEM. Tis a strange thing that men will so confidently oppose themselves against *Platos* great yeare.

PHA. Why not.

MEM. Tis as true an opinion as neede be; for I remember it verie readily now, that this time 49000. yeares agoe all wee were in this verie place and your Lordship iudged the verie same controuersie, after the verie same manner, in all respects, and circumstances alike.

COM. Tis wondrous strange.

ANA. By the same token you held your Staffe in your right
right

LINGVA.

right hand, iust as you do now, and Mr *Phantastes* stood wondering at you, gaping as wide as you see him.

PH. I but I did not giue you a boxe on the care sirrah 49000. yeares ago, did I? (snappe)

ANA. I do not remember that Sir.

PHA. This time *Platoes* twelue month to come, looke you faue your cheekes better.

COM. SEN. But what intertainment had we at Court for our long staying?

MEM. Lets go, Ile tell you as we walke.

PHA. If I doe not seeme pranker nowe, then I did in those dayes, Ile be hang'd?

*Exeunt omnes interiores Sensus,
manet Lingua.*

ACTVS 4. SCENA. 8.

LINGVA. MENDATIO.

LING. Why this is good By common Senses' meanes,
Lingua thou hast framed a perfect comœdy
They are all good friends, whom thou mad'st enemies;
And I am halfe a Sense: a sweete peece of seruice
I promise you, a fayre step to preferment.
Was this the care and labour thou hast taken,
To bring thy foes together to a banker,
To loose thy Crowne, and be deluded thus!
Well now I see my cause is desperate,
The iudgements past, sentence irreuocable,
Therefore Ile be content and clap my hands,
And giue a *Plaudite* to their proceeding.
What shall I leaue my hate begun imperfect?
So sowlly vanquisht by the spitefull Senses?
Shall I the Embassadresse of Gods and Men,
That pould proud *Phæbe* from her brightsome spheare,
And darkt *Apello's* countenance with a word,
Rayling at pleasure stormes, and winds, and earth-quakes,
Be ouercrowd? and breath without reuenge?

Yet

L I N G V A.

Yet they, forsooth, base slaues, must be preferred,
And deck themselves with my right ornaments !
Doth the all-knowing *Phœbus* see this shame
Without redresse? will not Heauens helpe me?
Then shall Hell do it, my enchanting tongue
Can mount the skies, and in a moiment fall
From the Pole Artick to darke *Acheron*.
Ile make them know mine anger is not spent,
Lingua hath power to hurt, and will to do it.
Mendatio, come hecher quickly sirra.

MEN. Madamie.

L I N G. Haik hecher in thine care.

MEN. Why do you wish thus? here's none to heare you.

L I N G. I dare not trust these secrets to the Earth, ere since
she brought forth Reedes, whose babling noise tolde all the
world of *Midas* Affes eates, (*She whispers him in the eare*)
Dooft vnderstand me?

MEN. ~~He~~ — neuer feare that— there's a iest indeed— pish,
pish,— Madam— doe you thinke mee so foolish? — tut, tut,
doubt not.

L I N. Tell her if she doe not.

MEN. Why do you make any question of it— what a stirre
is here — I warrant you— presently? *Exit Mendatio?*

L I N G. Well, Ile to supper, and so closely couer,
The ruste cancker of mine Yron spight,
With golden foile of goodly semblances.

But if I do not trounce them — *Exit Lingua.*

Finis Act. 4.

Actus. 5. Scena 1.

MENDATIO with a bottle in his hand.

MEN. My Lady *Lingua* is iust like one of these leane-witted
Comedians, who disturbing all to the fist Act, bring downe some
Mercurius, or *Iupiter* in an Engine, to make all friends: So shee,
but in a contrary manner, seeing her former plots dispurposed,
sends me to an old Witch called *Acrassa*, to helpe to wreake her
spight

L I N G V A.

spight vpon the Senses: the olde hag after manie an incridled circumstance, and often naminge of the direfull *Hecate*, and *Demogorgon*, giues mee this bottle of wine mingled with such hellish drugges and forcible words, that whosoeuer drinckes of it shall bee presentlie possit with an iraged and mad kinde of anger.

ACT. 5. SCENA. 2.

MENDACIO, CRAPULA, APPETITVS *crying.*

MEND. What's this *Crapula* beating *Appetitus* out of dores?
ha!

CRAP. You filthie long Crane, you meager slaue, will you kil our guests with blowing continuall hunger in them? (*tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe*) the Senses haue ouercharged their stomackes already, and you Sirra serue them vp a fresh appetite with euerie newe dish, they had burst their gutts if thou hadd'st staied but a thought longer? (*tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe*) bee gon or ile set thee a-way, begon ye gnawe-bone, raw-bone, rascal. *Beats him*

MEND. Then my deuise is cleane spoiled. *Appetitus* should haue beene as the bowle to present this medecine to the Senses, and now *Crapula* hath beaten him out of dores: what shall I doe?

CRAP. Away Sirra, (*tiffe, toffe, tiffe, &c.*) *Beats him*

APP. Well *Crapula*, well; I haue deserued better at your hands then so, I was the man you knowe first brought you into *Gustus* his seruice, I lin'd your gutts there, and you vs'd me thus? but greafe a fat sowe, &c.

CRAP. Do'st thou talke (*tiffe, toffe*) hence, hence, *tiffe, tiffe, hence*
aunnt curre, aunnt you dogge! *Exit Crapula.*

APP. The belching gor-bellie hath wellnigh kill'd me; I am shut out of dores finely, well this is my comfort, I may walke now in libertie at my owne pleasure.

MEND. *Appetitus, Appetitus!*

APP. Ah *Mendacio, Mendacio,*

MEND. Why how now man, how now? how ist *(canst not speake?)*

APP.

L I N G V A.

A P P. Faith I am like a bag-pipe, that neuer sound's but when the bellie is full.

M E N D. Thou emptie, and com'st from a feast.

A P P. From a fray, I tell thee, *Mendacio*. I am now iust like the Ewe that gaue sucke to a wolfe's whelp. I haue nurst vp my fellowe *Crapula* so longe, that hee's growne so ong enough to beate me.

M E N D. And whither wilt thou go, now thou art banish't out of seruice?

A P P. Faith Ile trauell to some College or other in an Vniuersitie.

M E N D. Why so?

A P P. Because *Appetitus* is well beloued among'st Schollers, for there I can dine and suppe with them & rise againe as good friends as we sate downe, Ile thither questionles.

M E N D. Hear'st thou? giue me thy hand; by this hand I loue thee; go too then, thou shalt not forsake thy maisters thus, I say thou shalt not.

A P P. Alas I am verie loth; but how should I helpe it?

M E N D. Why take this bottle of wine, come on, go thy waies to them againe.

A P P. Ha, ha, ha, what good will this doe?

M E N D. This is the *Nepenthe* that reconciles the God's: doe but let the Senses tast of it, and feare not; theile loue thee as well as euer they did.

A P P. I pray thee where had'st it?

M E N D. My Ladie gaue it me to bring her: *Mercuri* stole it from *Hebe* for her: thou knowest there were som iarres betwixt her and thy maisters, & with this drinke she would gladlie wash out all the reliques of their disagreement: Nowe because I loue thee, thou shalt haue the grace of presenting it to them and so come in fauour againe.

A P P. It smelles well I would faine begin to them;

M E N D. Nay staie no longer least they haue suppt before thou come.

A P P. *Mendacio*, howe shall I requite thy infinjte curtesie.

M E N. Nay praie thee leaue, go catch occasion by the foretop,
K 2 but

LINGVA.

but hearst thou? as soone as it is presented, round my Lady
Lingua in the eare, and tell her of it.

APP. I will, I will, I will, *Adue, adue, adue,* Exit *Appeti.*

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 3.

MENDACIO *solus.*

MEN. Why this is better then I could haue wisht it,
Fortune I thinke is false in loue with me,
Answering so right mine expectation.
By this time *Appetite* is at the Table,
And with a lowly Cringe presents the Wine,
To his olde Master *Gustus*; now he takes it,
And drinke perchance to *Lingua*, she craftily
Kisses the Cup, but lets not downe a drop,
And giues it to the left; 'tis sweet, theile swallow it,
But when 'tis once descended to the stomack,
And sends vp noisome vapours to the braine,
'Twill make them swagger gallantly, theile rage
Most strangely, or *Acrasias* Art deceiues her;
When if my Lady stirre her nimble tongue,
And closely sowe contentious words amongst them,
O what a stabbing there will be? what bleeding?

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 4.

LINGVA. MENDACIO.

LING. What art thou there *Mendacio*? prettie rascall,
Come let me kisse thee for thy good deserts.

MEN. Madame do'st take? haue they all tasted it?

LING. All, all, and all are well nigh mad already:
Oh how they stare, and sweare, and fume, and brawle,
Wrath giues them weapons; Pots and Candle-sticks,
Ioin'd spooles and Trenchers flie about the roome,
Like to the bloudie banquet of the *Centaur*es,
But all the sport is to see what seuerall thoughts

The

LINGVA.

The portions works in their Imaginations;
For *Visus* thinkes himselfe; a ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

ACTVS 5. SCENA. 5.

APPETITVS, MENDATIO, LINGVA.

A P. So-hoe *Mendatio*! so-hoe, so-hoe!

MEN. Madame I doubt they come, yonder is *Appetitus*, you had best begon, least in their outrage they should iniure you.
(Exit *Lingua*) How now *Hunger*? how do'st thou my fine may-pole, ha?

A P. I may well be calld a may-pole: for the Senses do nothing but dance a morice about mee.

MEN. Why? what ayles them? are they not (as I promised thee) friends with thee.

A P. Friends with mee? nay rather frenzy: I neuer knewe them in such a case, in all my life.

MEN. Sure they dranke too much, and are mad for loue of thee.

A P. They want common Sense among'st them: there's such a hurly burly, *Auditus* is starke deafe, and wonders why Men speake so softly that he cannot heere them: *Visus* hath drunke himselfe starke blind, and therefore imagineth himselfe to bee *Polyphemus*: *Tactus* is raging mad, and cannot bee otherwise perswaded, but hee is *Hercules furens*; there's such conceits amongst them.

ACT. 5. SCENA. 6.

VISVS, APPETITVS, MENDATIO.

V is. O that I could but finde the villaine *Ontis*,
Ontis the villaine, that thus blinded mee.

MEN. Who is this? *Visus*?

A P. I, I, otherwise calld *Polyphemus*.

V is. By heauens bright Sunne, the dayes most glorious eye,

K₃

That

ay ay ay

L I N G V A.

That lightneth all the world but *Polypheme*,
And by myne eye that once was answerable
Vnto that Sunne, but now's extinguished.

M E N. H: can see to sweare mee thinks?

V I S. If I but once lay hands vpon the flane,
That thus hath rob'd mee of my dearest iewel,
He rend the Mitcreant into a thousand peeces.
And gnash his trembling members 'twixt my teeth,
Drinking his liue-warine blood to satiffie,
The boyling thirst of paine and furiousnesse,
That thus exasperates great *Polypheme*.

M E N. Pray thee *Appetitus* see how hee graspes for that hee
would be loath to finde.

A P. What's that? a stumbling block?

V I S. These hands, that whilom tore vp sturdy Oakes,
And rent the rock that dasht out *scis* braines,
Both in the stole-blisse of my *Galatea*,
Serue now (ô misery) to no better vse,
But for bad guides to my vnskillfull feete.
Neuer accustomed thus to be directed.

M E N. As I am a rogue, hee wants nothing but a wheele, to
make him the true picture of Fortune; how saist? what shall
we play at blind-man-buffe with him?

A P. If thou wilt, but first ile trie whether he can see!

V I S. Find me out *Outis*, search the rocks, and woods,
The hilles and dales, and all the Coast's adioyning.
That I may haue him, and reuenge my wrong,

A P. *Fisus* mee thinks your eyes are well enough.

V I S. What's hee that calles mee *Fisus*? do'st not know.
(*They run about him, playing with him,
and abusing him.*)

A P. To him *Attendatio*, to him, to him.

M E N. There, there *Appetitus*, hee comes, he comes; ware
ware, he comes, ha, ha, ha, ha.

(*Fisus* stumbles, fallies downe,
and sits still,

ACT.

LINGVA.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 7.

MENDATIO. APPETITVS, TACTVS with a great
black lack in his hand.

MEN: Is this he that thinkes himsef Hercules?

AP. I, will see mee out-swagger him?

MEN. I do, do, I leue not to sport with such mad play-fel-
lows; tickle him Appetitus, tickle him, tickle him.

Exit Mendatio

TAC. Haue I not here the great and puissant Club,
Wherewith I conquered three Chopt Cerberus.

AP. Haue I not here the sharpe, and warlike teeth,
That at one break-fast quaild thrice three hogg's faces?

TAC. And are not these Alcides brawny armes,
That rent the Lyons iawes and kill'd the boare?

AP. And is not this the Stomacke that defeated
Nyne yards of pudding, and a ranke of pyes?

TAC. Did not I crop the seauen-fold Hydra crest,
And with a riuer clenfed Angers stable?

AP. Did not I crush a seuen-fold Custards crust,
And with my tongue, swept a well furnisht table?

TAC. Did not these feete and hands oreake and slay,
The nimble Stagge, and fierce impetuous bull?

AP. Did not this throat at one good meale deuoure,
That Stagges sweet venison, and that strong Bulls beefe?

TAC. Shall Hercules be thus disparaged?
Inno! you pouting Queane, you lowring trull?
Take heede I take you not; for by Ioues thunder
He bereueng'd (Appetitus drawes Visus backward
from Tactus.

AP. Why Visus, Visus, will you be kill'd? away, away. *Exit*

TAC. Who haue we here, see, see the Giant Cacus, Visus.
Drawes an Oxe backward to his theeuiſh den,
Hath this deuise so long deluded mee?

Monster of men Cacus restore my cattle,
Or instantly Ile crush thy idle Cox-combe.

And

LINGVA.

And dash thy doltish braines against thy Caue.

A P. *Cacus*, I *Cacus*? ha, ha, ha. *Tactus* you mistake mee.
I am yours to command, *Appetitus*.

T A C. Art *Appetitus*? Th'art so; run quickly villaine,
Fetch a whole Oxe to satisfie my stomacke.

A P. Fetch an Asse to keepe you company.

T A C. Then downe to Hell, tell *Pluto* Prince of Diuells,
That great *Alcides* want's a kitchen wench,
To turne his spir, Command him from my selfe!
To send vp *Proserpine*, thee'l serue the turne.

A P. I must finde you meate, and the Diuell finde you cookes.
Which is the next way?

T A C. Follow the beaten path, thou canst not misse it.
Tis a wide Cause that conducteth thether,
An easie tract and downe hill all the way.
But if the blacke Prince will not send her quickly,
But still detain her for his bed-fellow,
Tell him Ile drag him from his iron chayre,
By the Steele tresses, and then sow him fast,
With the three furies in a letherne bag.
And thus will drowne them in the Ocean.

(he powres the lack of beere vpon Appetitus)

A P. You had better keepe him aliue to light Tobacco-pipes
or to sweepe chimneys.

T A C. Art thou not gone, nay then ile send thy soule,
Before thee, 'twill do thy message sooner (*-tuffe, tuffe.*) *bests him*

A P. *Hercules*, *Hercules*, *Hercules*? do not you heare *Omphale*?
Hearke how she calles you, hearke?

T A C. Tis shee indeed I know her sugred voice?
Omphale deare Commandresse of my life,
My thoughts repose, sweet Center of my cares,
Where all my hopes, and best desires take rest.
Lo! where the mighty Sonne of *Iupiter*
Throwes himselfe Captiue at your conquering feete;
Do not disdain my voluntary humblenesse:
Accept my seruice, blesse me with commanding,
I will performe the hardest imposition
And run through twelue newe labours for thy sake.

Omphale

L I N G V A.

Omphale, deare commandresse of my life.

A P P. Do you not see how she heckons to you to follow her?
Looke how she holds her distaffe, looke you?

T A C. Where is she gone, that I may follow her?

Omphale stay, stay, take thy *Hercules*!

A P P. There there man, you are right.

Exit Tactus.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 8.

A P P E T I T V S *Solus.*

A P P. What a strange temper are the Senses in?
How come their witts thus topsie turvie turn'd?

Hercules Tactus, Disus Polypheme,

Two goodly surnames haue they purchased:

By the rare Ambrosian of an Oyster Pie;

They haue got such proud imaginations,

That I could wish I were mad for company:

But since my fortunes cannot stretch so high,

Ile rest contented with this wise estate.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 9.

A P P E T I T V S. A V D I T V S *with a Candlestick.*

A P P. What more anger? *Auditus* got abroad too.

A V D. Take this abuse at base *Olfactus* hands?

What did he challenge me to meete me here,

And is not come? well Ile proclaime the slaue,

The vilest dastard that ere broke his word;

But stay yonder's *Appetitus*.

A P P. I pray you *Auditus*, what ailes you?

A V D. Ha, ha!

A P P. What ailes you?

A V D. Ha! what saist thou?

A P P. Who hath abus'd you thus?

A V D. Why do'st thou whisper thus? Canst not speake out?

A P P. Saue me I had cleane forgotten; why are you so angry?

Auditus

L

A V D.

L I N C O L N .

A v. Bite vs, who dare bite vs?

A p. I talke of no biting, I say whats the matter betweene *Olfactus* and you?

A v. Will *Olfactus* bite mee? do if he dares, would he would meeete me here according to his promise: Mine eares are somewhat thicke of late, I pray thee speake out lowder.

A p. Ha ha ha ha this is fine i faith: ha, ha, ha. Heare you, haue you lost your eares at supper.

A v. Excellent cheare at supper I confesse it:
But when 'tis saw'd with sowre contentions,
And breeds such quarrells, 'tis intollerable,

A p. Pish, pish this is my question. Hath your supper spoild your hearing?

A v. Hearing at supper, tell not me of hearing:
But if thou saw'st *Olfactus*, bring mee to him.

A p. I aske you whether you haue lost your hearing?

A v. O dost thou heare them ring? what a grieft is this
Thus to be deafe, and loose such harmony?

Wretched *Auditus* nowe shalt thou neuer here
The pleasing changes that a well tun'd Corde,
Of trowling bells, will make, when they are true rung.

A p. Heer's a do indeed, I thinke he is mad, as well as drunk
or deafe.

A v d. Ha, what's that.

A p. I say you haue made me hoarse with speaking so loude.

A v d. Ha, what say'st thou of a creaking Crou'd?

A p. I am hoarse I tell you, and my head akes.

A v. Oh I vnderstand thee! the first croud was made of a
Tis true, the finding of a dead horse-head, (horse-head
Was the first inuention of string instruments,
Whence rose the Gitterne, Viall, and the Lute:
Though others thinke the Lute was first deuif'd
In imitation of a Tortesse back
Whose sinewes parched by Apollo's beames,
Ecchoed about the concave of the shell,
And seeing the shortest and smallest gaue shrillest sound,
They found out frets whose sweet diuersity
(Well couched by the skill-full learned fingers)

Raised

L I N G V A.

Raiseth so strange a multitude of Cordes;
Which their opinion many do confirme,
Because *Testudo* signifyes a Lute.
But if I by no meanes, —————

AP. Nay if you begin to criticke once, wee shal neuer haue
done. (Exit *Appetitus* and carries away *Auditus* perforce)

ACT. 5. SCEN. 10.

CRAFULA a fat bellied slane, clothed in a light vaile of *Sarsnet*,
a Garland of vine-leanes on his head. &c. *SOMNVS* in a man-
tle of blacke *Cobweb-lanne*, downe to the foote ouer a duskie co-
loured *taffata* Coate, and a Crowne of poppy tops on his head, a
company of darke coloured silke scarfs in one hand, a Mace of
Poppy in the other, leaning his head vpon a pillow on *Crapula's*
shoulders.

CRA. *Somnus*, good *Somnus*, sweet *Somnus*, come a pace!

SOM. Hei-oh, oh, are you sure they be so? oho, ho, oho, hei,
waw?

What good can I do? ou, hoh, hawe.

CRA. Why I tell you vnlesse you helpe (*Somnus falls downe
and sleepes*)

Soft sonne of night, right heyre to Quietnesse,
Labours repose, lifes best restorative,
Digestions carefull Nurse, blouds Comforter,
Wits helpe, thoughts charme, the stay of *Microcosme*,
Sweet *Somnus* cheefest enemy to Care:
My dearest friend, lift vp thy lumpish head,
Ope thy dull eyes, shake of this drowlines,
Rowse vp thy selfe.

SOMNVS. O *Crapula*, how now, how now, oh oh howe
whose there?

Crapula speake quickly, what's the matter?

CRA. As I told you, the noble Senses, peeres of *Microcosme*,
Will est soone fall to ruine perpetuall,
Vnlesse your readie helping hand recure them;
Lately they banqueted at *Gustus* table.

L I N O V A.

And there fell madde, or drunke, I know not whether;
So that it's doubtfull in these outrageous fits,
That theile murther one another.

S O M. Feare it not, if they haue scapt already,
Bring me to them, or them to me,
Ile quickly make them know the power,
Of my large stretcht authoritie.
These cordes of sleepe wherewith I wont to bind,
The strongest armes that ere resisted me,
Shall be the meanes, whereby I will correct
The Senses outrage, and distemperature.

C R A. Thanks gentle *Somnus*, Ile go seeke them out,
And bring them to you soone as possible.

S O M. Dispatch it quickly, least I fall a sleep for want of worke.

C R A. Stand still, stand still? *Visus* I thinke comes yonder.
If you thinke good, begin and bind him first:
For he made fast, the rest will soone be quiet. *Exit Crapula.*

ACT. 5. SCEN. II.

V I S V S. S O M N V S.

V I S. Sage *Telemus*, I now too late admire
Thy deepe fore-sight and skill in Prophecie,
Who whilome toldst me, that in time to come
Ulysses should depriue me of my fight.
And now the slaue that marcht in *Outis* name,
Is prou'd *Ulysses*, and by this deuice,
Hath scapt my hands, and fled away by Sea,
Leauing me desolate in eternall night.
Ah wretched *Polypheme*, where's all thy hope,
And longing for thy beautionous *Galatea*?
Shee scornd thee once, but now she will detest,
And loath to looke vpon thy darkned face:
Aye me most miserable *Polyphemus*!
But as for *Ulysses*, heauen and earth
Send vengeance euer on thy damned head.
In iust reuenge of my great iniurie. *Somnus binds him.*
Who is he that dares to touch me? *Cyclops* come?

Come

LINGVA.

Come all yee Cyclop's helpe to rescue me.

Somnus charmes him, he sleepest.

SOM. There rest thy selfe and let thy quiet sleepe,
Restore thy weake immaginations.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 12.

LINGVA, SOMNVS, VISVS.

LIN. Ha, ha, ha: oh how my splene is tickled with this sporte.
The madding *Senses* make about the woods,
It cheeres my foule and makes my bodie fat:
To laugh at their mischances, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Heigh ho, the stich hath caught me, oh my heart!
Would I had one to hold my sides a while,
That I might laugh a fresh: oh how they runne,
And chase, and sweare, and threaten one another, (*Somnus bind's*
Ay me, out alas, ay me help, help, who's this that bind's me? (*her*
Helpe *Mendatio*, *Mendatio* helpe, heres one will rauish me.

SOM. *Lingua* content your selfe you must be bound.

LING. What a spight's this? are my nailes par'd so neere?
Can I not scratch his eies out? What haue I done? what? doe
you meane to kill me? murder, murder, murder, (*she fall's a sleepe*).

ACT. 5. SCEN. 13.

GVSTVS with a voiding knife in his hand, SOMNVS, LINGVA, VISVS.

GVST. Who cries out murder! What a woman slaine?
My Ladie *Lingua* dead? oh Heauens iniust
Can you behold this fact, this bloudie fact!
And shouer not fire vpon the murderer?
Ah peerelesse *Lingua* mistresse of heavenly words,
Sweete tongue of eloquence, the life of fame,
Heart's deare enchauntresse, what ~~disaster fates~~ disastrous fate
Has ~~How~~ rest this Jewell from our common-wealth?
Gustus the rubie that adornes thy tinge,

LINGVA.

• Loe heere defect, how shalt thou lead thy daies,
Wanting the sweete Companion of thy life,
But in darke sorrowe and dull melancholie,
But staie? whose this? inhumane wretch:
Bloud-thirstie miscreant, is this thy handie worke?
To kill a woman, a harmelesse Ladie?
Villaine prepare thy selfe drawe, or ile sheath my faucheon in
thy sides.
There take the guerdon fit for murderers.

*Gustus offers to runne at Somnus but beeing
suddainly charmed fall's a sleepe.*

SOM. Heer's such a stirre I neuer knewe the Senses in such
disorder.

LING. Ha, ha, ha; *Mendacio, Mendacio?* See how *Visus*
hath broke his fore-head against the oake yonder, ha, ha, ha,
ha.

SOM. Howe now? Is not *Lingua* bound sufficientlie? I haue
more trouble to make one woman sleepe, then all the world be-
sides they be so full of tattle.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 14.

SOMNVS, CRAPVLA, (LINGVA, VISVS, GUSTVS,) AV-
DITVS, *pulling* OLFACTVS *by the nose, and* OLFACTVS
wringing AVDITVS *by the eares.*

AVD. Oh mine eares, mine eares, mine eares.

OLF. Oh my nose, my nose, my nose.

CRAP. Leauē, leauē at length these base contentions, *Olfac-*
tus let him go?

OLF. Let him first loose my nose?

CRAP. Good *Auditus* giue ouer?

AVD. Ile haue his life that sought to kill mee.

SOM. Come, come Ile end this quarrell, bind him *Crapula!*
They binde them both.

ACT.

LINGVA.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 15.

TACTVS, with the robe in his hand, SOMNVS, CRAPVLA,
LINGVA, GVSTVS, OLFACTVS, VISVS, AUDITVS.

TACT. Thankes *Deianeira* for thy kind remembrance,
Tis a faire shirt Ile weare it for thy sake.

CRAP. *Somnus* heer's *Tactus* worse then all his fellowes
Stay but a while and you shall see him rage!

SOM. What will he do? see that hee escapes vs not.!

TACT. Tis a good shirt, it fitt's me passing well,
Tis verie warme indeede, but whats the matter,
Me thinkes I am some-what hotter then I was,
My heart beates faster then twas wont to do
My braines enflamed, my temples ake extreame, oh, oh,
Oh what a wild-fire creepes among my bowells:
Arms with in my breast, my marrowe fries,
And runnes about my bones, oh my sides:
My sides, my raines, my head my raines, my head;
My heart, my heart, my liuer, my liuer, oh,
I burne, I burne, I burne. oh how I burne:
With scorching heate of implacable fire,
I burne extreame with flames vnufferable,

SOM. Sure he doth but trie how to act *Hercules*:

TACT. Is it this shirt that boiles me thus? oh heavens,
It fires me worse, and heates more furiously
Then *Joves* dire thunderbolts; oh miserable,
They bidc lesse paine that bathe in *Phlegeton*;
Could not the triple kingdome of the world,
Heauen, earth and hell destroie great *Hercules*?
Could not the damned sprights of hatefull *Tuna*?
Nor the great daungers of my labours kill me?
Am I the mighty sonne of *Jupiter*?
And shall this poined linnen thus consume me?
Shall I be burnt? villaines flie vp to heauen,
Bid *Iris* muster vp a troupe of cloudes,
And shower downe cataracts of raine to coole me?
Or else Ile breake her speckled bowe in peeces?

Will

L I N G V A.

Will she not? no she hates mee like her mistress;
 Why then descend you roagues to the vile deepe,
 Fetch *Neptune* hether, charge him bring the sea,
 To quench these flames, or else the worlds faire frame:
 Wilbe in greater danger to be burnt,
 Then when proud *Phaeton* ruld the Sunnes rich Chariot.

S O M. Ile take that care the world shall not be burnt:
 If *Somnus* cords can hold you. *Somnus binds him.*

T A C T. What *Vulcan*'s this that offers to inchaîne,
 A greater souldier then the God of *Mars*.

S O M. He that each night with bloudlesse battell conquers,
 The proudest conquerour that triumphs by warres:

C R A. Now *Somnus*, there's but onely one remaying,
 That was the author of these outrages:

S O M. Who's that? is he vnder my Command?

C R A. Yes, yes, yes, tis *Appetitus*; if you go that way, and
 looke about those thickets, ile go hither, and search this groue,
 I doubt not but to finde him?

S O M. Content. *Exeunt Somnus, et Crapula.*

A C T. 5. S C E N. 16.

*APPETITVS, IRRASCIBILIS, with a willowe in his hand
 pul'd up by the rootes, SOMNVS, CRAPVLA.
 The Senses all a sleepe.*

A P P. So now's the time that I would gladly meeete,
 These madding *Senses* that abus'd mee thus;
 What? haunt me like an owle? make an Ass of me?
 No they shall know, I scorne to serue such masters,
 As cannot master their affections;
 Their iniuries haue chang'd my nature,
 Now Ile be no more called hungry parasite:
 But henceforth answere to the wrathfull name
 Of angry *Appetite*, My cholier's vpp;
Zephrus coole me quickly with thy fanne,
 Or else Ile cut thy cheekes, why this is braue;
 Farre better then to faune at *Gustus* table,

For

LINGVA.

For a few scrappes, no, no, such words as these,
By *Pluto* stabbe the villaine, kill the slaue:
By the infernall hagg, Ile hough the rogue,
And paunch the rascall that abusd me thus,
Such words as these fitte angry *Appetite*.

Enter CRAPULA.

CRA. Somnus, Somnus, come hether, come hether quickly,
hee's here, hee's here.

APP. I marry is he *fura*, what of that? base miscreant *Cra*.

CRA. O gentle *Appetitus*. *(pula.*

APP. You muddy gulche, darst looke me in the face, while
mine eyes sparkle, with reuengfull fire? *(tiff, toff, tiff, toff.)*

CRA. Good *Appetitus*.

APP. Peace you fat bawson, peace, *(tiff, toff, tiff, toff.)*

Sect not this fatall engine of my wrath?

Villaine Ile maule thee for thine old offences,

And grinde thy bones to powder with this pestle:

You when I had no weapons to defend me,

Could beate me out of dores; but now prepare,

Make thy selfe ready, for thou shalt not scape.

Thus doth the great reuengfull *Appetite*,

Vpon his fatte foe, wreake his wrathfull spite.

APPETITVS heaueth vp his club to braine

CRAPULA, but SOMNVS in the meane.

time, catcheth him behind and binds him.

SOM. Why how now *Crapula*?

CRA. Am I not dead? is not my soule departed?

SOM. No, no, see where he lyes, that would haue hurt thee?
feare nothing? *Somnus laies the Senses all in a circle, seete*

to seete, and wasts his wand ouer them.

So rest you all in silent quietnesse,

Let nothing wake you till the power of sleepe,

With his sweete dew, cooling your braines inflamed,

Hath rectified the vaine and idle thoughts,

Bred by your surfet, and distemperature:

Loe here the Senses late outrageous,

All in a round together sleepe like friends,

M

For

LINGVA.

For there's no difference twixt the King and Clowne,
 The poore and rich, the beautilous and deformed,
 Wrapt in the vaile of night, and bonds of sleepe;
 Without whose powre, and sweete dominion,
 Our life were Hell, and pleasure painfullnesse.
 The sting of enuie, and the dart of loue,
 Auarice talons, and the fire of hate;
 Would poison, wound, distract, and soone consume,
 The heart, the luer, life and minde of man.
 The sturdie Mower, that with brawnie armes,
 Wieldeth the crooked sithe, in many a swathe,
 Cutting the flowrie pride, on the veluet plaine,
 Lies downe at night, and in the weary folds
 Of his wiues armes, forgets his labour past.
 The painfull Marriner, and carefull Smith,
 The toying Plowman, all Artificers,
 Most humbly yeeld to my dominion.
 Without due rest, nothing is durable:
 Loe thus doth *Somnus* conquer all the world
 With his most awfull wand, and halfe the yeare.
 Raignes ouer the best and proudest Emperours.
 Onely the nurslings of the Sisters nine,
 Rebels against me, scorne my great command:
 And when darke night from her bedewy wings,
 Drops sleepeie silence to the eyes of all,
 They onely wake, and with vnwearied toile,
 Labour to finde the *Via lactea*,
 That leads to the heauen of immortallitie;
 And by the lostie trowing of their minde,
 Fledgd with the feathers of a learned muse,
 They raise themselues vnto the highest pitch,
 Marrying base earth, and heauen in a thought;
 But thus I punish their rebellion,
 Their industrie was neuer yet rewarded;
 Better to sleepe, then wake, and toile for nothing.

Exeunt Somnus & Crapula.

ACTVS.

LINGVA.

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 17.

*The five Senses, LINGVA, APPETITVS, all a sleepe,
and dreaming, PHANTASTES, HEURESIS.*

A V D. So ho Rocwood, so ho Rocwood, Rocwood, your Organ, hay Chanter, Chanter, by *Alteom* shed-tyre it's a very deepe mouth'd dogge, a most admirable crie of hounds, looke here, againe, againe, there, there, there, ah ware counter.

97 V I S. Do you see the full Moone yonder, and not the man in it, why me thinkes 'tis too, too euident, I see his dogge very plaine, and looke you, iust vnder his taile is a Thorne bush of Furies.

G V S. 'Twill make a fine tooth-pick : that Larkes heele there, ô do not burne it.

P H A. Boy, *Heuresis*, what think'st thou I thinke, when I thinke nothing?

H E V. And is please you sir, I thinke you are deuising how to answer a man that askes you nothing.

P H A. Well gest boy, but yet thou mistookst it, for I was thinking of the constancie of women, (*Appetitus snoares aloud.*) Beware firra, take heede, I doubt me there's some wild Boare lodged here about? how now? mee thinkes these be the Senses, ha? in my conceit the elder brother of death has kist them.

T A C. Oh, oh, oh, I am stabd, I am stab'd, holde your hand, oh, oh, oh.

P H A. How now? doe they talke in their sleepe? are they not awake *Heuresis*?

H E V. No questionlesse, they be all fast a sleepe.

G V S T. Eate not too many of those Apples, they bee very flatuue?

O L F. Foh, foh, beate out this Dogge heare, foh, was it you *Appetitus*?

A V D. In faith it was most sweetly winded, whosoever it was, the warble is very good, and the horne is excellent?

M 2

T A C.

LINGVA.

TAC. Put on man, put on, keepe your head warme, 'tis cold.

PHA. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ft, *Heuresis*, stirre not firra.

APP. Shut the doore, the pottle runnes ouer, firra Cooke that will be a sweete Pastie, if you nibble the venison so?

GYST. Say you so, is a Marrow Pye the *Helena* of meates? giue meet, if I playe not *Paris* hang mee. Boye a cleane Trencher?

APP. Serue vp, serue vp, this is a fatte Rabbet, would I might haue the maiden-head of it, come giue me the fish there, who hath medled with these maides? ha?

OLE. Fie, shut your Snuffers closer for shame, 'tis the worst smell that can be.

TAC. O the crampe, the crampe, the crampe, my legge, my legge.

LING. I must abroad presently, reach mee my best Neck-lace presently.

PHA. Ah *Lingua* are you there?

AVD. Here take this Rope, and Ile helpe the leader close with the second Bell: Fie, fie, there is a goodly peale cleane spoilde.

VIS. Ile lay my life that Gentlewoman is painted: well, well I know it, marke but her nose, doe you not see the complexion crack out, I must confesse 'tis a good picture.

TAC. Ha, ha, ha, fie, I pray you leaue, you tickle me so, oh, ah, ha, ha, take away your hands I cannot indure, ah you tickle me, ah, ha, ha, ha, ah.

VIS. Hai, rett, rett, rett, now bird, now, — looke about that bush, she trust her thereabout, — here she is, ware wing Cater, ware wing, auant.

LING. Mum, mum, mum, mum.

PHA. ft, firra, take heede you wake her not.

HEV. I knowe sir shee is fast a sleepe, for her mouth is shutte.

LING. This 'tis, to venture vpon such vncertainties, to loose so rich a Crowne to no end, well, well.

PHA. Ha, ha, ha, wee shall here anon, where shee lost her maiden-

LINGVA.

maiden-head, ft, boy, my Lord Vicegerent, and Maister Register are hard by, runne quickly, tell them of this accident, with them come softly. *Exit Heuresu.*

LING. *Mendatio*, neuer talke farther, I doubt 'tis past recovery, and my Robe likewise, I shall neuer haue them againe, well, well.

PHA. How? her Crowne, and her Roabe, neuer recouer them? hum, wast not said to bee left by *Memory*? ha? I conjecture here's some knauery—fast lockt with sleepe, in good faith. Was that Crowne and Garment yours *Lingua*?

LING. I marry were they, and that some body hath felt, and shall feele more, if I liue.

PHA. O strange, she answers in her sleepe to my question, but how come the Senses to strue for it?

LING. Why, I laide ~~up~~ upon purpose in their way, that they might fall together by the cares.

PHA. What a strange thing is this?

ACT. 5. SCENA. 18.

The Senses, APPETITVS and LINGVA a sleepe.

PHANTASTES. COMV. SENSVS.

MEMORIA. ANAMNESTES.

PHA. ft, my Lord, softly, softly, here's the notablest peece of treason discovered, how say you, *Lingua*, set all the Senses at ods, she hath confest it to me in her sleepe.

COM. SEN. Is possible Maister Register? did you euer know any talke in their sleepe?

MEM. I remember my Lord many haue done so very oft, but women are troubled, especially with this talking diseale, many of them haue I heard answer in their dreames, and tell what they did all day awake.

ANAM. By the same token, there was a wanton maide, that being askt by her Mother, what such a one did with her so late one night in such a roome, she presently said, that—

MEM. Peace you vilde rake hell, is such a iest fitte for this company, no more I say sirra.

M 3

PHA.

L I N G V A.

P H A. My Lord will you belicue your owne eares, you shall heare her answere me, as directly and truly as may be. *Lingua*, what did you with the Crowne and garments.

L I N G. Ile tell thee *Mendacio*.

P H A. Shee thinkes *Mendacio* speakes to her, marke now, marke howe truly shee will answere: what say you Madame?

L I N G. I say *Phantastes* is a foolish transparent gull; a meere fanaticke nupion, in my imagination not worthie to sit as a Iudges assistant.

C O M. S E N. Ha, ha, ha, howe truly and directly shee answers.

P H A. Faw, faw, she dreames now, she knowes not what shee saies, I trie her once againe: Madaine? what remedie can you haue for your greate losses?

L I N G. O are you come *Acrasia*? welcome, welcome, boy reach a Cushion, sit downe good *Acrasia*: I am so beholding to you, your potion wrought exceedinglie; the senses were so mad, did not you see how they rag'd about the woods?

C O M. S E N. Hum, *Acrasia*? is *Acrasia* her confederate? my life that witch hath wrought some villany, —————

Lingua riseth in her sleepe, and walketh;
how's this? is shee a sleepe? haue you seene one walke thus before?

M E M. It is a very common thinge, I haue seene many sicke of the Peripatetick disease.

A N A. By the same token my Lord, I knewe one that went abroad in his sleepe, bent his bowe, shot at a Magpie, kild her, fetcht his arrowe, came home, lockt the doores, and went to bed againe.

C O M. S E N. What should be the reason of it?

M E M. I remember *Scalliger* told mee the reason once. as I thinke thus: The nerues that carrie the mouing faculty, from the braines, to the thighes, legges, feete, and armes, are wider farre then the other nerues, wherfore they are not so easily stopt with the vapours of sleepe, but are night and daie ready to performe what fancy shall command them.

C O M.

LINGVA.

COM. SEN. It may bee so, but *Phantastes* enquire more of *Acrasia*.

PHA. What did you with the potion *Acrasia* made you:

LIN. Gaue it to the Senses, and made them as madde as I well, If I cannot recouer it ——— let it goe, Ile not leaue them thus.

She lies downe againe.

COM. SEN. Boy a wake the Senses there,

AN. Hoe, hoe, *Auditus*, vp, vp, so hoe, *Olfactus* haue at your nose, vp *Visus*, *Gustus*, *Tactus*, vp: What can you not feele a pinch? haue at you with a pinne.

TAC. Oh, you stab me, oh,

COM. SEN. *Tactus*, know you how you came hither:

TAC. No my Lord, not I, this I remember,
We sup't with *Gustus*, and had wine good store,
Whereof I thinke I tasted liberally.

Amongst the rest, wee drunke a composition,
Of a most delicate, and pleasant rellish,
That made our braynes, somewhat irregular.

ACT. 5, SCEN. 19.

*The Senses awake, LINGVA asleepe, COMMVNIS SENSVS
MEMORY, PHANTASTES, ANAMNESTES, HEV-
RESIS drawing CRAPULA.*

HEV. My Lord, here's a fat rascall was lurking in a bush
very suspitiously, his name he sayes is *Crapula*.

COM. SEN. Sirrah, speake quickly what you knowe of
these troubles,

CRA. Nothing my Lord, but that the Senses were madde,
and that *Somnus* at my request layd them asleepe, in hope to
recouer them,

COM. SE. Why then tis too euident, *Acrasia* at *Lingua's* re-
quest, bewitcht the Senses, wake her quickly *Heuresis*.

LIN. Heigh ho, out alas, aye mee, where am I? how came I
here? where am I? ah.

COM,

L I N G V A.

COM. SEN. *Lingua* looke not so strangely vpon the matter, you haue confest in your sleepe, that with a Crowne, and a Roabe, you haue disturb'd the Senses, vsing a crafty helpe to enrage them, can you deny it?

LIN. Aye mee, most miserable wretch, I beseech your Lordship forgiue me.

COM. SEN No, no, tis a fault vnpardonable. (*He consults with Memory*)

PHAN. In my conceipt *Lingua*, you should seale vp your lippes, when you go to bed, these Feminine tongues be so glibbe.

COM. SEN. *Visus*, *Tactus*, and the rest, our former sentence concerning you, wee confirme as irreuocable, and establish the Crowne to you *Visus*, and the Roabe to you *Tactus*, but as for you *Lingua* ———

LIN. Let mee haue mine owne, howsoeuer you determine, I beseech you.

COM. SEN. That may not bee, your goods are fallen into our hands, my sentence cannot bee recall'd, you may see, those that seeke what is not theirs, oftentimes loose what's their owne: Therefore *Lingua* graunting you your life, I commit you to close prison, in *Gustus* his house, and charge you *Gustus*, to keepe her vnder the custody of two strong doores, and every day till she come to 80. yeares of age, see she be well garded with 30. tall watchmen, without whose licence shee shall by no meanes wagge abroad, neuerthelesse vse her Lady-like, according to her estate.

PHAN. I pray you my Lord adde this to the iudgement that whensoeuer she obtayneth licence to walke abroad, in token the Tongue was the cause of her offence, let her weare a veluet hood, made iust in the fashion of a great Tongue, in my conceit 'tis a verye pritty Embleme of a Woman,

TAC. My Lord, shee hath a vild boy to her page, a cheefe agent in this treason, his name's *Mendatio*.

COM. SEN. Ha? well, I will inflict this punishment on him for this time, let him be soundly whipt, and euer after though
hee

he shall strengthen his speeches with the sinewes of Truth, yet none shall beleue him.

PHA. In my imagination my Lord, the Day is dead to the great toe, and in my conceit it growes darke, by which I coniecture it will be cold, and therefore in my fancie, and opinion, 'tis best to repaire to our lodgings. *Exeunt omnes, prater Anamnestes & Appetitus.*

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 20.

ANAMNESTES, APPETITVS *a sleepe
in a corner.*

ANA. What's this? a fellow whispering so closely with the Earth? so, ho, so, ho: *Appetitus*? faith now I thinke *Morpheus* himselfe hath beene here, vp with a poxe to you, vp you luske, I haue such newes to tell thee sirra: all the Senses are well, and *Lingua* is proued guilty, vp, vp, vp, I neuer knew him so fast a sleepe in my life. (*Appetitus snorts.*)

Nay then haue at you a fresh, (tiff, toff, tiff, toff.)

APP. Logge me once againe, and lie throw this whole mess of portage in your face, cannot one stand quiet at the dresser for you?

ANA. Ha, ha, ha. I thinke it's impossible for him to sleepe longer then hee dreames of his victuals. What *Appetitus*, vp quickly, quickly vp. *Appetitus*, quickly sirra, (toff, toff, toff, toff.)

APP. He come presently, but I hope youle stay till they bee roasted, will you eate them rawe?

ANA. Roasted? ha, ha ha, ha, vp, vp, vp, away,

APP. Reach the sauce quickly, here's no Sugar, whaw, wam, oh, ou, oh.

ANA. What neuer wake? (Tiffe, toff, tiff, toff,) wilt neuer be? Then I must trie another way I see.

N

Epilo-

Epilogus.

Iudicious friends, it is so late at night,
I cannot waken hungrie Appetite :
Then since the cloase upon his rising stands,
Let me obtaine this at your courteous hands,
Trie if the friendly opportunitie,
Of your good-will, and gracious Plauditie,
With the thrice welcome murmure it shall keepe,
Can begge this prisoner from the bands of sleepe.

Vpon the Plaudite, APPETITYS awakes,
and runnes in after ANAMNESIS.

FINIS.









